

THE ROUND TABLE

A WEEKLY RECORD OF
THE NOTABLE, THE USEFUL AND THE TASTEFUL.

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THE conductors of the ROUND TABLE beg to express their sincere regrets that an unfortunate inadvertence, caused by the reception of manuscript almost at the hour of going to press, procured the admission, in last week's issue, of phrases and sentiments concerning a distinguished citizen of the United States, which were alike undeserved by him and unworthy of this journal. While the ROUND TABLE aims at impartial and pungent criticism of the public life and acts of all men, whatever their creed or station, it also aspires to elevate the standard of American journalism. To express regrets can in any case do but partial justice. It is, however, an essential characteristic of the purpose of the ROUND TABLE that, when evident injustice has been done in any public way, a fair and candid apology should be made in the same manner.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

THE presidential campaign is begun, though there will be no meeting of the great opponents until after the nomination of the last candidate, whoever he may be. On all sides the forces are marching and countermarching preparatory to the conflict; martial music is heard, and if one but listen carefully he will hear the leaders as they sound by trumpet and bugle their orders to the rank and file. But before the forces are drawn up in battle array and the conflict is begun, it may be well to utter a few temperate words that will, we trust, commend themselves to all fair-minded men who have more at heart the interests of country than those of party.

It will not be denied that the coming presidential canvass will be more exciting and will involve more momentous issues than any that has occurred within the memory of the present generation. For these reasons it is important—nay, it is absolutely requisite—that the issues should be distinctly defined and carefully weighed. Decide in haste, repent at leisure. Every citizen owes it to the country and to himself to exercise more than usual deliberation in deciding for whom he will vote than ever he did before, and to carefully discriminate between real arguments and partisan diatribes. This is not so easy as it seems. The best of men are apt to be carried away by their feelings in times of great popular excitement. Let the decision be worthy of the issues at stake.

It hardly need be stated that the question of slavery will not be involved in the coming campaign. The abolition of this institution is becoming more and more generally recognized as an accomplished fact, even by those who have long been, or are now considered as advocates of or apologists for it. That it is dead, occasions no regret among the members of either party. Still, it must not be overlooked that from the ashes of the slavery question will arise the problem of the disposition of the negro, and the relations that shall be established between the white and black races in this country. Nor can there be any difference as to the prosecution of the war, for all parties are agreed that the war must be prosecuted until the rebellion is crushed. Quakers and peace democrats are the only

persons opposed to it, and the lack of power that the former have in the republican party is no greater than that of the latter in the democratic party. The fact is patent that the nation, the whole nation, is pledged, nay, determined, to put down the rebellion by force of arms. Thus far, there is no difference of sentiment among the loyal people of the North.

One of the main issues that will be brought before the people will be the manner in which the war has been conducted. The democrats, as the opposition party, claim that the management of the war has been inexcusably inefficient; that the Constitution has been violated; that arbitrary measures have been resorted to by the Administration; and that to insure a restoration of the Union the government must be administered upon different principles than those upon which it has been administered for the past three years. The republicans, on the other hand, urge that the war has been not only managed well, but better than any war of similar magnitude in the world's history; that the Constitution has not been violated, but that its spirit, if not its letter, has authorized the Administration to perform many acts which, in time of peace, might seem unwarrantable; and that the policy of the Administration has freed the nation of slavery, has restored to the Union the states of Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas, and parts of Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, and is sure to bring back all the seceded states.

Another important issue will be that pertaining to the national finances, some claiming that Mr. Chase's policy has been wholly wrong and deleterious; others that it has been exactly right and judicious; and still others—embracing a very large proportion of the people—that it has been the best that could be devised under the circumstances.

The last issue that we shall specify relates to the future rather than the past, to wit, the mode of reconstructing the Union. What are the different methods proposed for the solution of this problem, it is not necessary to repeat here. Suffice it to say that it is a question of vast importance, and cannot be overlooked by intelligent citizens.

We think we have presented a fair statement of the main issues that will be involved in the coming campaign, and to their careful consideration we solicit the attention of all true patriots. It is important that they be kept steadily in view. During the last three years there have been opportunities for separate states to express their opinions, by popular elections, of the policy pursued by the present Administration, but in November the citizens of all the states will declare their views at the same time and on the same issues. Hence it is doubly important not only that they discern clearly what the issues are, but that they divide on no subordinate questions. Principles, and not men, are at stake.

It is for this reason that we regret to see any disaffection in either of the two great parties that divide the nation. All may not agree in every particular, but there is enough upon which the members of each party can unite in opposition to the other party. We want to know just what are the views of the majority of the nation upon these disputed questions, and by that decision must the minority abide. These questions, and nothing but these questions, should be discussed; and these questions, and nothing but these questions, should be decided.

In the light of these considerations we think that Mr. Chase, by his recent letter declining to be a candidate for the republican nomination, has added to the esteem in which he has long been held by no inconsiderable portion of his fellow-citizens. Whether he withdrew from the contest for the benefit of Mr. Lincoln or General Fremont, or of any one else, is irrelevant to the point at issue; we have only to deal with the fact that he has acted as becomes a patriotic citizen, the more noticeable in one who has received such substantial proofs of popular favor as to warrant him in desiring the highest honor in the gift of the people. Concerning the position which General Fremont occupies just now, we have little to say, for it is by no means certain that he is as strong politically as he is represented; nor are we willing to believe that he will permit his name to be used as a candidate for the presidency, in opposition to the regular nominee of the party which chose him for its first stand-

ard bearer. Indeed, the adoption by the Administration of the policy which he inaugurated, is doubtless gratifying to him, though he has not received the credit of it. We cannot doubt but that Mr. Lincoln stands ready to waive his claims to the nomination so soon as it shall appear that he is not the choice of the convention; but it is to be regretted that his name has been used in such a way as to give the appearance of determination on his part to obtain the nomination of his party at any and all hazards. It is to be hoped, however, that the responsibility of such measures as we refer to rests with his friends, whose devotion to their chief they allow to get the better of their judgment.

As regards the democratic party, there has as yet been no public evidence of dissensions; nor is it at all certain that it is free from divisions. There are warring factions in this state, but whether the feuds are so bitter as to prevent union in the fall, remains to be seen.

We have confined ourselves in this article to a simple statement of the principles at stake, with the purpose of securing that calm consideration of them which is at once the duty and the privilege of every American citizen. At a future time we may discuss the merits of the persons whose names may be mentioned as candidates for nomination. Loving our country above party, and caring more for principles than men, we desire to see the coming presidential campaign conducted with the calmness that becomes men who live in these stirring times, and upon whose decision hang such momentous issues. Parties we must have; partisanship we should not have. Keeping clearly in view the questions presented for decision, their bearings upon the present and future of the country, let each man enter into the campaign determined to bear his part manfully and vote intelligently. And may God speed the right!

THE COMING CAMPAIGN IN THE WEST.

IN our preceding number we gave some general ideas that occurred to us in regard to the condition of affairs west of the Mississippi and east of the Alleghanies. It remains to consider our situation between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi.

While we write the aspect of operations is not encouraging. Longstreet's sudden and somewhat mysterious movement is not yet developed; it is evident that he has not been forced to evacuate East Tennessee, and it is by no means certain that he has abandoned it at all. It is undoubtedly his interest to give battle to Schofield as far east of Knoxville, and therefore as far out of reach of assistance from Chattanooga as possible.

A defeat met with by Schofield at Bull's Gap—some 60 miles from Knoxville—would be much more disastrous to him than under the guns of the latter; while should he, on the other hand, be victorious, Longstreet's retreat would be much more easily secured. It is difficult to consider General Grant's recent movements upon Dalton independently of Sherman's expedition, for it would, at first sight, seem to have been intended either to effect a diversion in the latter's favor, or to take advantage of the diversion already effected by him. If the first supposition be correct, it appears to have been made somewhat too late, and to have been neither of sufficient duration, nor conducted with energy enough to accomplish any good results. If the second supposition be the proper one, it ought to have been attempted with the entire available force at Chattanooga, and a general battle should have been given. We are inclined to think, from what has already transpired, that there was no well-considered plan of co-operation between Sherman's command and the force at Chattanooga; that the movement upon Dalton was simply a reconnaissance to feel the strength and determination of the enemy; and that Sherman's march had some entirely independent purpose. In fact we doubt whether the condition of the supply communications from Nashville to Chattanooga and Knoxville is such as to render it possible for the main army to move very far from the railway, until the season is so far advanced that the troops near Knoxville can be supplied independently from the Cumberland River, by way of Cumberland or Walker's Gap. If this

is so, the movement of Sherman could not have been intended to facilitate the advance on Dalton. It is difficult to comprehend the purpose of Sherman's advance.

We think that we have already said enough to show that it could not have been to make a diversion in favor of the troops at Chattanooga, or that, if that was the object, proper advantage was not taken of it.

It is exceedingly improbable that the object could have been a direct attack upon the land defenses of Mobile; for, in that case, why march more than two hundred and fifty miles through the enemy's country, rather than go by water to Pascagoula, and thence by a march of thirty-five or forty miles? It may have been to afford indirect aid to Farragut's attack upon Mobile, by keeping Polk's army employed at a distance; yet in this case the object would have been as well accomplished by moving from Pascagoula.

It does not appear possible that the purpose was to reach Selma to destroy the foundries and other establishments there, or to gain Montgomery, in order to cut the communications between Atlanta and Mobile; for the force was too small to hold Montgomery if it were gained, and a mere temporary seizure could be of no benefit. So far as Selma is concerned, its distance from Vicksburg is about two hundred and seventy miles, which could not well be accomplished in such a country in less than two weeks, even if unopposed, and not delayed in making the passage of any of the streams encountered. Ample time would thus be afforded to intrench the approaches to Selma, and to concentrate troops enough for its defense. The only remaining supposition is that it was designed to destroy permanently and effectually the railroad from Vicksburg to Selma, as well as considerable portions of the Mobile and Ohio Railway, in order to render it impossible, or at least very difficult, for the enemy to move and maintain any considerable masses of troops near the Mississippi River. If this be the solution, and the enemy have not the means of rebuilding the railways destroyed, then the expedition was well devised; for, if completely successful in accomplishing these objects, it would render it possible to diminish very materially the garrisons on the Mississippi, giving a large surplus available for operations elsewhere, while it would at the same time make it much easier to put a stop to the operations of the guerrillas against boats navigating the river. Except under our last hypothesis, we think that General Sherman's expedition cannot be defended, and that no probability existed of its accomplishing results justifying the risk incurred. We are much relieved by the assurance of his safe return to his starting-point, for we have entertained some anxiety for his safety, as it would have been difficult for the enemy to collect a large force to oppose his return to the Mississippi.

Before leaving this subject it is no more than just to state that it is possible that the authors of the expedition possessed information in regard to the enemy which is unknown to the public, and which may fully justify the undertaking. If so, the result will vindicate them.

It appears, that, an attack upon the water-defenses of Mobile is now in progress. We can only say that the object is a good one, for we know too little of the plan of attack and of the means employed to be able to form an opinion as to the results. We have so much confidence in the energy and skill of Admiral Farragut that we believe he will succeed if he is following out his own ideas. It is more than probable, however, that the navy will need the co-operation of a respectable force on land, as well as some iron-clads, before success will be achieved.

The general review we have thus taken of the preliminary operations of the spring campaign is not favorable to our cause. Not only have they, so far as heard from, been unfortunate in their immediate results, but they are doubly unsatisfactory as indicating a persistence in that policy of scattering our forces which has been the bane of our operations in the past, and show that our military authorities have not yet grasped the whole problem which it is their province to solve. But it is not too late to rectify the errors already committed, and to inaugurate a wiser and more comprehensive system before the best season for active operations has fairly commenced. We have to deplore the brave men and the time lost in ill-advised expeditions, and some little prestige destroyed, but it is entirely possible to enter upon a better course before the enemy can fully avail himself of the errors we have committed.

As we have now, in most of the positions we occupy, the disadvantage of long lines of communication, which will be still farther increased by forward movements, it is evidently the policy of the enemy to remain generally on the defensive in his central positions, ready to take advantage of any error we may commit in a careless and unsupported advance, unless he can find the means of destroying our communications with points we now hold. For instance, if, while three corps are engaged with Longstreet near Bull's Gap, and Sherman is in the interior beyond Vicksburg, the enemy could crush the force at Huntsville and destroy the railways leading from Nashville to the Tennessee River, he would at last delay very considerably the advance of the main army upon Dalton, and might force it to abandon Chattanooga to fight for its communications. Should he succeed in such a

movement, and regain complete possession of the left bank of the Tennessee River, the position of our forces at and beyond Knoxville would be critical, and the loss of East Tennessee not impossible. Arrangements must of course have been made already against such an attempt, but to guard completely against such a contingency we should, as soon as Knoxville fell into our possession, have taken immediate steps to build as rapidly as possible a railway from Danville, Ky., to Kingston and London, Tennessee.

Such a road would have rendered our supplies at Knoxville and Chattanooga quite secure, because its location in rear of the center of our line would render it very difficult for the enemy to injure it, and if the Nashville road remained untouched it would double our facilities for bringing up supplies to the front. Even now no time should be lost in the accomplishment of this very necessary work. With such a line completed, our position in the valley of East Tennessee would be amply secure against anything but the attack of such a greatly superior force, as it is not at all probable can be brought against us in that quarter, and our operations could be extended beyond the Virginia line without any considerable risk. It would, in fact, be very desirable to hold the line of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad as far east as New River, that we might be in direct communication with the troops on the Kanawha, and sufficiently near Lynchburg to threaten it seriously. But we do not desire to pursue this subject farther at present; it will be sufficient to say that in the present condition of our communication with Chattanooga and Knoxville much delay and difficulty must be expected before the necessary preparations for an advance can be completed, and that the difficulty must continue to increase as we advance. It is perhaps a question open to discussion whether a farther advance in the direction of Atlanta is desirable until we hold securely the whole of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, including Lynchburg and Richmond. The permanent possession of Atlanta would doubtless be of importance, yet a line of operations in that direction, unless undertaken in very heavy force, is open to the objection that it renders impossible all concert of action with the troops on the Eastern line.

A few words, in closing, as to the general principles which should govern our operations in the rebellious states. What are we fighting for, and how can we best effect our objects with the least possible cost of time, money, and life? We assume that we are fighting to restore the Union. To accomplish this we must destroy the military strength of the rebels, and convince them not only that they cannot resist us successfully, but that it is their interest to return to the old Government, with the frank and sincere intention of remaining in it, and of doing their whole duty as citizens of a great nation. If this be true, and probably no one will deny it, it is evident that policy and arms must go hand in hand.

Our policy must be such as to excite hope, not despair, in the minds of the vanquished; brotherly feeling, not hatred. It must be in accordance with the enlightened maxims of the New Testament, not with the bloody and barbarous code of the nations of old time, who fought solely to destroy and enslave. We must in this, as in all other matters, serve our own merciful God, not Moloch and Baal. It is not now our purpose to indicate where we have departed from those great principles in the past, nor how we should conform to them in the future; we are content to present the subject, and leave it to the consciences of all honest men. Let each one of such remember that he shares the responsibility of the nation's action, unless he raises his voice and does all in his power to direct its policy into the proper channel.

Should any great wrongs be committed, and we stand supinely by, raising no voice to expostulate, and stretching out no hand to save, we are each one guilty in the eye of God. We have no more right to indulge in feelings of hatred and revenge as a people than as individuals, and we must throw such feelings aside before we can hope for peace and happiness. The general principles which should guide our military operations are few and simple, nor are they difficult of application.

Our first object should be to disorganize the Confederacy by defeating its principal armies, and breaking up their general government, so that we may have only the separate states to deal with—in other words, we must endeavor to untie the bundle of rods. To accomplish this all our efforts should be directed upon the rebel armies and their capital, and, having gained our objects with these, we should occupy the most important points upon the principal lines of communication between the different states, in order to complete the disintegration of the Confederacy.

The policy of complete occupation will be found to be almost impossible, and would involve an expenditure of men and money which would probably bring us to bankruptcy. So that the only alternative will be to select a few important points which will fulfill the conditions of rendering it difficult, if not impossible, for the rebels to collect new armies, and which will enable us to cover the work of reconstruction. As fast as a state is occupied—its important points rather—we should, by a liberal am-

neaty, endeavor to bring back its people to their allegiance; and the amnesty should be of such a nature as to leave behind no rankling feeling of hatred and discontent in the minds of the masses of the people.

THE WAR CALL AGAIN.

ONCE more the bugle sounds over the land a loud, clear call for men. While the tramp of a half-million new-found soldiers is ringing in our ears, there follows another summons to the camp and the field. Flashed through the nation on the wings of night, a great people awake to greet it, and pledge anew their determination that the long file of soldiers shall not be wanting, even though it leave the North and the East and the West deserted. The hand that has been lifted to weariness will nerve anew for a grander effort. The heart that has sent its pulsings from Atlantic to Pacific shall take on a new quickening, and again its throbbing shall be heard across the ocean itself, as the million warriors go forth at the summons of the nation's chief. The war must be finished! It shall be finished! The men are ready! Take the million and go forth to the end and the glory; and if this is not enough, call again, and let a weary and willing people respond, but once and for ever finish it!

There is no pleasant thrilling in the sound that calls for a great army. It goes too far into the heart and life of the people, strikes too near the best and dearest interests of all, to make welcome music by its clarion notes. It falls heavily, indeed, as the shadow in the future reveals the hand of poverty and the heart of mourning. The tap of the drum has ceased to make merry, the tinselry of rank has palled to the sight, and everywhere there is a great heart-wish and prayer that war may cease by one great blow, and that the blessedness of national unity and quiet may be restored again.

But the nation does not shrink from a new nerving and gathering up of its strength for a final struggle, if indeed the powers that wield this mighty surge of life will use it well and faithfully. Throw it not away in the hazards of delay or the waste of partisan strife, ye that are marshaling the vast tide for a new struggle. Let it fall upon the enemy with such overpowering might that the end shall indeed be at hand. Strike hard, strike well, once and for all—aye, for ever! If a million men are not enough, call for more, and call at once, but by every interest of the land that already bleeds from sea to sea, close around and destroy the menacing hand.

It is sad, indeed, that some should feel that any other purpose than that of bringing the war to an immediate end impels to the new calls for soldiers. We cannot conceive how any one can doubt motives where such immense interests are at stake. Such as look upon it all as a magnificent imposition, and a few such there seem to be, must indeed be devoid of all love for their country in its hour of trial and trouble. Let us not be weak through doubt or suspicion. Let all rally in faith and hope around the banners of an army that is gathering for a great and, we trust, a closing struggle. Never has there been so loud a call, as now, for unwavering confidence in our strength, and the honesty of our leaders.

The draft, if there shall be one, will now fall most heavily upon the inland towns and villages, since the large cities upon the coast have furnished many thousands to the navy, and these are to be credited to their quota under the revised conscription act. Especially will the difference be noticeable in New York and Boston. But we have faith to believe that there will be little trouble in procuring the men, even though the larger cities are not to be drawn upon so much as before. Let us do all in our power to help on the good and great work which we trust shall usher in the final act of the sad drama.

INDIVIDUALITY IN ART AND LITERATURE.

RECENT art-criticism is infected with the cant of piety. Under the cover of teaching reverence for nature, the value of the painter's feeling and individuality is depreciated or ignored. We are constantly told that imitation, realism, and faithful copying of the details of nature, are of paramount importance. Writers who set forth the necessity of what is clumsily called "the veritable, unconditional facts of nature," repeat the phrases made current by Ruskin, and, with a narrowness of statement in perfect harmony with the bigotry of their feeling, affirm that the artist is at best "a telescope," thus outraging the worth and dignity of the individual soul by dwarfing it in thought to a mere instrument. The climax of materialism is attained when a very sophisticated, shallow, and obnoxious "reply" attributed to Ruskin is given as authoritatively determining the relative value of the artist's feeling and that of nature. Ruskin, it is written, replied to the question, "Whether is the artist's feeling or the nature he represents of more importance in a picture?" thus: "Suppose you were looking through Lord Rosse's telescope, which would you think of the most importance to your enjoyment, the telescope or the stars?" In this willful ignoring of the fact that man's consciousness and indi-

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viduality at once differentiates him from a mere instrument, we have a statement that practically annihilates the soul. The artist is lowered to the rank of a machine that reports the facts of nature with more or less of the accuracy shown in a photograph, and the worth of individuality as a means of influence is set aside. Happily, in the more deliberate utterances of Ruskin, we have that which refutes the sophistry, and protests against the deadness of feeling and want of reverence for the worth of the individual soul shown in the above.

Ruskin writes that the painter has two great and distinct ends—the first, to give the most faithful rendering of the material of his subject; the second, to inform the spectator of the thoughts and feelings with which these were regarded by him—and he does not hesitate to award the highest rank to the painter who takes a fact of nature and by his treatment unconsciously makes it express his own passions, feelings, and thoughts in its contemplation. This at once settles the question in its relation to Ruskin. But it is the grandeur of truth that it does not depend on the utterance of any man. And the value, the paramount importance of all vital truth, is confirmed by the best that the ages have given us. And this truth of the sacredness of human feeling, and the power of individuality as a means of influence, is shown in many of the works that we cherish, and by the men whom we delight to honor. Some of the strongest writers and greatest painters found their individuality to be their strength, and so made use of it. Swift, Shelley, Carlyle, and Ruskin may be taken as examples of writers whose subjects and treatment were determined by the individuality of the man rather than by the subject itself. We infer that the most comprehensive men have subordinated their individuality, while the most profound and intense have obeyed it. Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Goethe establish the first inference; Dante, Milton, and Heine confirm the second. Among artists, Paul Veronese, Turner, and Kaulbach have the least flavor of personality in the range of their productions, while the works of Angelo, Scheffer, and Doré are charged with the strength of their individuality.

Heine, in one of his most finely chiseled sayings, declared that "Nature wanted to see how she looked, and she created Goethe." This aphorism never could have been written of a man whose individuality was peculiar and dominant in all that came from him. It could not be said of Poe, for instance, or Robert Browning, or Victor Hugo, with any degree of truth. And because the three most comprehensive poets and dispassionate thinkers of the world rarely suffered their personality to obtrude itself between nature and the reader, writers whose individuality has been too strong and peculiar or less transparent than that of Homer, Shakespeare, or Goethe, have generally been consigned to the second rank. All sectarian, all impassioned thinkers, all men dominated by peculiarities of mental and physical organization, though much more effective in direct and immediate influence on the world, have been considered less than the unmoved, careless, worldly, all-seeing men who have possessed their souls in peace. Rousseau, Mirabeau, and Shelley never escaped the tyranny of their individuality; they used it rather. It was to them the fulcrum of the lever by which they moved the world. It is a question, Which are the greatest—those who subordinate, or those who use their individuality? If the first have the widest range of vision, the second have the deepest insight. If the one is more comprehensive, the other is more intense. For the calm of a Shakespeare or Goethe, we have "the fiery emphasis and depth" of Dante. The latter is world-great, writes Carlyle, not because he is world-wide, but because he is world-deep.

We must conclude that there is no essential superiority in the genius that is as a colorless lens through which we behold nature, to that in which individuality is "like a glass of sweet and strange color that gives new tones to what we see through it." Take George Eliott and Charlotte Brontë, the two greatest women-novelists in English literature, as strongly opposed in genius as Cervantes and Dante. We cannot say one is greater than the other, because one subordinates her individuality, while the other makes it paramount. It is only when individuality or personal feeling proves a distorting medium that it lessens the worth of a writer or painter. When it is strong, peculiar but healthful, it gives an additional truth and interest to expression. It not only offers us the world of nature external to the man, but it reveals the action and result of that on the nature within.

It presents the thoughts, the feelings, the passions, and delights of a human soul under certain influences. We are helped to communion with a mind created different from that of others, that it may seize on neglected truths or vitalize the old and quicken us in all that elevates the soul above the narrowness of its own experience and the limitations of its own dwelling-place. Most painters, most writers, most men, have no individuality. They merely hold and represent the general elements of our common humanity. Therefore, they are insipid, flat, and have no flavor to their personality. They differ as turnips; they are unlike in size and form, but taste much the same to one's mental palate.

Their diversity is one of accident, not of original difference of the elements of character. Yet now and then we find a soul characterized by certain qualities—we find one who is more tender or impassioned in his nature, more subtle or grand in the movement of his thought, and at once a new value is given to our associations in time and place. A fresh zest is given us for the world, and we consider curiously what will be the action of this world upon him, and what his interpretation of the old mystery of life! Is he a painter? Then his selection of subject and mode of treatment is at once determined by his individuality. Does that individuality commit him to seek for the pomps of nature? Does it induce him to dwell upon all symbols of splendor, opulence, and of the fleeting beauty of the shows of earth? We find that he studies the sunset heavens, and stands before the profusion and decay and the glorious color of the autumn woods, and waits for the solemn, silent marshaling of the summer clouds as one infatuated; and these mimicries, these frail and vapory glories, as De Quincey terms them, are reproduced in his art-work and become representative of his genius. His perception of nature, and of the meaning of certain combinations of form and color, is something distinct and special. His rendering of a subject is different from that of others equally gifted in imitative power, and that difference increases its significance and worth. If facts meant the same to all men—if the clouds, for instance, are to one, agents to nourish and quicken imagination, what they are to all others—if they hold the same place in one mind as in others', and are linked by the same associations, then individuality would be an incumbrance. But because things have different values to different men, therefore the worth of every positive revelation of that difference; therefore we cherish individuality and hail all differences that do not extend to the fundamental and essential of human nature. Any other explanation of the office and value of individuality fails to justify diversities of nature and mind in the world, but makes them the fruitful cause of all disorder and want of sympathy between men. We are created individual souls, charged with the necessity of making that individuality act on the world, using it as a light to reveal and make good what others have neglected. He who is false to his individuality is false to his most sacred and special possession. For we are endowed with a special genius for a special purpose, and to decline before the individuality or the genius of another is to yield a right that is born with us; we become suicides. To yourself be true, and according to the force of your individuality you will be cherished by the world. We act on the world, and are remembered, not through the fullness of our intellectual equipment, but by means of the force of our nature. Byron used his individuality and impressed two continents with his genius, but his intellectual culture was meager. Heine used his individuality, and the end of his influence is not yet. But it is his individuality, and not his intellectual culture, not his power of putting nature, or ideas, as seen or apprehended by most men, that makes him so potent as an influence. His personal feeling colored every fact that sank in his consciousness and was given forth, invested with new power or beauty, in thought. When it came forth, it bore the stamp and image of its lord and master. And as such it goes on shaping the destinies of unborn generations. And this is the use of individuality as a means of power and influence.

OUT TO SEA.

I.

The wind is blowing east,
And the waves are running free;
Let's hoist the sail at once,
And stand out to sea.
(You and me!)
I am growing more and more
A-weary of the shore:
It was never so before—
Out to sea!

II.

The wind is blowing east—
How it swells the straining sail!
A little further out,
We shall have a jolly gale!
(Cling to me!)
The waves are running high,
And the gulls—how they fly!
We shall only see the sky
Out to sea!

III.

The wind is blowing east,
From the dark and bloody shore,
Where flash a million swords,
And the dreadful cannon roar!
(Woe is me!)
There's a curse upon the land—
(Is that—blood on my hand?)
What can we do, but stand
Out to sea!

MR. HENRY DEXTER, THE SCULPTOR.

It is a remarkable fact in the life of this artist that he has never sought inspiration in other lands than his own. He was born in the state of New York, and after the death of his father, being at the age of twelve, he removed with his mother and sisters to Connecticut. He soon went to live in the family of a farmer, where he worked on the farm in summer and went to school in the winter. His mother had an earnest wish that he should become a minister, but her friends all advised he should learn a trade, regardless of the boy's adaptation to any particular pursuit. Accordingly, he was indentured to a blacksmith. For the next five years he labored assiduously at the forge. But nature had other things in view. She had not destined him to Vulcan, but to Apollo, and she was not to be baffled in her designs.

While a boy at home, he had expressed the juice of berries, and, paper being unattainable, he had painted his childish fancies on pieces of cloth. He had never seen a painting, but the longing of his heart was to be an artist. Blindly groping in the dark, the fibers of his igner nature crept and strove toward the faint light they found. At the house of his master, the blacksmith, he saw a fine portrait by Alexander, which led his thoughts still more toward painting. In his own words: "I longed to be an artist. I learned, at a certain period, that Mr. Alexander intended to come to the town and stay a few weeks in the summer, and proposed to paint some portraits. How I hardly know, but I procured him six sitters, and added myself to the list. All this time I never breathed to any one my aspirations. I was very reserved as well as quite young, being about eighteen.

"Mr. Alexander came and I had my first sitting. When he had done I expected to see the first stage of the process. But no; he turned the canvas to the wall and I saw nothing. I did not see my portrait in any of its stages. Not till it was finished did I behold it. Neither was I more successful with those of the other sitters. This was a great disappointment to me. I had hoped to learn so much, and had learned nothing. I brooded over my hopes in secret. The forge resumed its blast; the anvil rang again to the reluctant blows of the hammer. Yet still I felt that I was born to be an artist."

The young aspirant married, in a few years, a niece of Mr. Alexander. The next summer he went privately to Hartford and bought materials for painting in oils, secretly trembling lest his design should be suspected. It is curious to reflect that, not far from the same time, Mr. Alvan Clark, the astronomer, at a somewhat earlier age, made also his journey to Hartford, with the eager design to become an engraver. With the materials thus procured, Mr. Dexter made a portrait of his mother, which he retains in his possession, and afterward several other pictures.

Mr. Alexander came to see him. He commended his efforts, and said they were well done. "I asked him," said Mr. Dexter, "about certain effects which I did not understand how to produce. He said to me, 'Are you determined to become an artist?' I trembled, was confused, and knew not what to say. 'Because,' said he, 'if you are, what are you going to do with your family?' He chilled all my hopes, checked all my aspirations. He threw the coldest water on my glowing desires. I turned abruptly, and said, 'No; I will give it all up.'"

For seven long years the artist touched neither paint nor canvas. Then he felt that he had won the right to claim his Rachel, his beloved. He closed up his place of business, locked the door, and turned away a free man. Coming to Boston, and evincing his determination, Mr. Alexander encouraged him and rendered him valuable assistance. He took a room in Bromfield street, and painted many pictures. His expenses, however, exceeded his income. Walking one day with Alexander, the latter pointed out a gentleman passing, saying, "That is Greenough, the sculptor. By the way, he is going to Italy, and you had better get his clay; it may be useful to you some time. I'll speak to him about it."

"He did speak to him," said Mr. Dexter, "and I got the clay. It lay in my room a long time. I used to look at it occasionally. I thought I could hammer out a statue in iron on the anvil, but I did not understand the clay. One day, having a leisure hour, I prepared some of the clay, as I supposed it should be prepared. I called to a young man who had a room near mine, 'Here, White, step in here.' He came, and with my fingers I modeled his face in the clay. My friend Alexander noticed the effort with commendation, and advised me to model. By-and-by, I had an order for a cast of a bust. I continued to paint, till after a time orders for modeling came faster than orders for painting. After a few months, I made a bust of Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, then Mayor of Boston. When it was finished, he said to me, 'Mr. Dexter, I should like to have you put that bust in marble.'"

"I had never handled a block of marble, or made the least attempt to do so. But I procured the marble and made the bust. He asked me what he should give me for it. I told him I did not know, he might give me what he thought best. I really could not tell what it was worth, never having known the price of a marble bust. He gave me two hundred dollars. Shortly afterward I met him.

He said to me, 'Mr. Dexter, I think I did not give you enough for that bust; I should like to give you fifty dollars more.' I was amazed at his generosity. This is the way in which I became a sculptor."

Mr. Dexter's busts soon commanded five hundred dollars. He is justified in grateful acknowledgment of the liberality of the distinguished gentlemen of Boston who have put his talent in requisition. Other states and cities besides his own have amply shown their appreciation of his genius. A long array of noble names might be pointed to with pride, but our artist is as modest as he is gifted. Among his early and popular statues are the "Binney Child," at Mount Auburn, the "Backwoodsman," in the Boston Athenæum, and the beautiful figures of the children of Mr. J. P. Cushing, of Watertown, exhibited as the "Young Naturalist" and the "First Lesson." These last are exquisitely graceful and truthful.

At the close of the year 1859, Mr. Dexter undertook a novel and surprising work. He proposed collecting into one historical group the busts of the head of the nation and its separate state governors who were in office the first day of January, 1860. To accomplish this marvelous work, he traveled over all our states except California and Oregon, receiving everywhere honor and hospitality from North and South, East and West. His undertaking was eminently successful. On his return home, the collection was exhibited in the rotunda of the State House in Boston, and was visited by upward of thirty thousand people. This embodiment of the spirit of our Government in that eventful year—the last of the Union on the old basis—is a work of profound national interest, which will deepen with advancing years. Thought, action, wisdom, power, and subtle intellect are variously written on those heads, eloquent in their silence. Owing to the culmination of those elements in our political atmosphere whose ominous gathering caused the sculptor to undertake this work, only one-third of these heads have yet been made in the marble. The rest are to follow. One of the noblest of these busts is that of Governor, now Secretary Chase; one of the most classically beautiful, that of Governor Ellis. But it is impossible to particularize where all are so faithful and spirited. Among the governors the names of Hicks and Morgan, of Morrill and Banks and Chase, are particularly conspicuous at present in the public gaze.

One of the finest busts our artist has ever made is that of Prof. Felton, late President of Harvard College, which is now in the library of that institution. It is perfect in form and finish, in strength and delicacy. The marble busts in his studio at the present time cannot be surpassed in excellence. Among them none holds a nobler place, or is of greater artistic merit, than the bust of the late Governor Wisner, of Michigan.

Mr. Dexter has resided in Cambridge for many years; his residence and studio are on Broadway. In this studio was made the noble statue of Warren, now on Bunker Hill, and numerous other works. Here we have seen creations lovely as a poet's dream. It is pleasant to the few who are permitted to interrupt his labor, to converse with him on art; and as they look at some beautiful statue or bust growing under his hand, they feel the truth of his words, "It is my work, and my whole soul is in it."

Mr. Dexter has made many statues, and toward three hundred busts, all of acknowledged merit, and many of surpassing excellence. He has never seen a sculptor strike a blow on a piece of marble, and all his works have been made with his own hands—a most astonishing record of industry and application. He is supremely an American artist, yet in no narrow sense—in one that takes nothing from his wider claim. He is strictly a statuary, confining himself to the figure, the highest walk of art. Left to his untrammelled way, his conception and execution are alike worthy in power and beauty. His life has been given with enthusiasm to art. He has spared nothing of toil or devotion to it, nothing of negation of most that would win or draw him from it.

The test of a truly great poem lies in its translation into another language. If it there retain its beauty, its grandeur, its charm—it is alive; will live through the generations. Sculpture has such a test. Translate the marble into bronze. If, with the disappearance of the exquisite finish, there remain the grand thought, the harmony of lines, the perfection of proportion, the truth to nature, then that statue will be found instinct with life. It is true; it is the truth; it cannot die.

THE POETRY OF THE MARKET.

THERE is much poetry in the scenery of well-stocked markets. Herein we speak *ex cathedra*, being accustomed to visit these pleasant places, as the walking philosophers visited the academic groves, for the purpose of combining wholesome reflection with tasteful enjoyment. Permit us to illustrate. Sterne brought captivity home to the heart by taking a single captive and placing him in a dungeon. We will illustrate a more cheerful subject by taking a single freeman and conducting him to market. Picture to yourself, good reader, Pater Familias, "with shining morning face," and a capacious basket on his arm, entering the pre-

cincts of one of our palatial bazaars. He has just risen from refreshing slumber. Let us accompany him on his appetizing tour, and realize with him the delicious prospect. What a vista of the fat of the land is this before us! Spring lamb hanging on either side like fruit from espaliers! Mark those delicate hind-quarters. What can exceed the symmetry of the pear-shaped legs, pantalleted with animal lace, through which the tender pink of the succulent meat blooms temptingly; and, lo, the kidneys, nestled in the inner loins, with their rounded tips just visible above the fair white casing, like roses trying to blossom through the snow! The blades of vernal grass are as yet scant and slender, but in warm nooks of the meadows, fenced from the chill northeasters and daily kissed by the westering sun, the young herbivora have found here and there an oasis, and have caught a flavor by their furtive browsing that might seduce a hermit from his vows of abstinence. The mint knew of their yearning and is struggling to the light to furnish the fitting condiment for their juicy flesh. Green peas will be here presently to crown the banquet, but in the meantime we have spinach, and must not repine. And this reminds us of some verses we once perpetrated on the subject, which, as they seem appropos, we will here jot down from memory, leaving Pater Familias for the moment to take a silent survey of the good things by which he is surrounded.

ODE TO A HIND-QUARTER OF LAMB.

Hind-quarter of the type of innocence,
Whether with peas and mint I must dispense,
Or go the twain, not minding the expense,
And thus enjoy thee in the keenest sense—
That is the question.

Rear section of young mutton!—tender food!
Just in the dawn of grass-fed juiciness:
Dainties like thee should not be served up nude,
But graced with all the trimmings understood
To help digestion.

Then boil the peas, the fragrant mint prepare;
Be thou, prime joint, nor overdone nor "rare;"
Concoct the gravy with exceeding care;
When all is ready, serve—I shall be there;
I always am.

Incipient sheep-meat, when on thee I dine,
Hot be the plates and ice-brook cold the wine:
Three slices midway of the leg be mine;
Then put the rest away, for very fine
Is cold roast lamb.

Proceed we on our tour of observation. Here in the foreground, on either hand, is our solid Saxon friend, Beef, in all the shapes we know so well and prize so highly. The stalwart baron of that name alone is missing, a rollicking king of England having long ago decreed that he should be cloven in twain and each section hight Sir Loin. Well did the noble joint deserve the accolade that made it knightly! Look at yonder burly rounds. Nothing *petit-maitre-ish* about them, is there? And yet, dressed *à la mode*, they would be irresistible. The mottling of those lordly ribs—can anything be more beautiful? Petrification has tried in vain to match it in the *lapis lazuli*. Good Pater Familias is not thinking of these matters as he cracks his jokes with the sacrificial priests in white aprons who stand before the hecatombs, but we, having come to revel in the poetry of the market, must air our idealism as we stroll along.

Here we have delicate would-have-been-beef, with a complexion like apple-blossoms just before they fall. Are not the modest little sweet-breads, clinging, baby-like, to those breasts of veal, fair to look upon? Honor to the calf for hiving such dainty morsels in its tender bosom! Had the Israelites ever tasted sweet-breads fried to an amber brown in egg and bread-crumbs envelopes, they had made their obeisances to a real calf rather than a golden one. The loins and filets are lovely, too, and, in the hands of artists versed in the mysteries of stuffings and rich gravies, to what a ravishing savor might they not be wrought. And then the heads, so white and martyr-like! To think of the latent mock-turtle that awaits development in their unctuous gelatine, is disturbing to the gastric juices. Ha! what have we here? A coterie of sucking-pigs, pale as penitents! Who that has partaken of unweaned pork, and crunched the brown "crackling" that incrusts the delicious pigment, would ever become a Mohammedan? No wonder the Chinaman who feasted on roast pig accidentally barbecued at a fire, kept continually committing arson that he might luxuriate again and again in the new sensation he had experienced. Charles Lamb was quite right in justifying the pyromania thus engendered.

From the substantial staples of the market pass we on to the kickshaws—the game and the poultry. Partridges, prairie-fowl, and quails, are good things in their season; but they are out of season now, so we pass them by contemptuously. Their presence is an outrage on the unities of time and place. Snipe is somewhat to the purpose; but the bird is not yet in perfection. Yon fatted capons are more to our taste. Pater Familias, do you know what is the best part of a capon? The breast you think? Mistaken man—the tenderloin. That rare *bonne bouche* abuts upon

the thigh, and, when cut out and broiled or fricasseed in the French fashion, has a flavor superior to that of any other morsel that underlies the feathers of the domestic fowl. Turkeys, geese, and ducks make a creditable appearance, but all the gallinaceous tribes begin to deteriorate more or less about the middle of February.

Fish after meat is not exactly the thing, but as a free and easy ramble through the market in nowise resembles a dinner, we make no apology for stepping out of the poultry department into fin-land. Neptune and the river-gods are gloriously represented here. The royal salmon, sheathed in silver, peerless in beauty as in relish among the fishes of the sea; the trout, his dwarfing brother of the inland streams, glorious in yellow and purple panoply, dotted with deepest red; the white fish of the lakes, that, fitly broiled, only the critical epicure can distinguish from the sea-fattened shad; the cod untempting to the eye, but with a head and shoulders not unworthy of the rarest banquet; the Spanish mackerel, second only to the salmon in deliciousness; the sea-bass and the striped-bass, next in order of excellence; with lobsters, oysters, and that india-rubber bivalve, sacred to the Dagon of indigestion, the clam—all are here, with many "lesser lights" of the piscatory family. And what are these? Double haunches of New Jersey frogs, white as a fair lady's fingers! Pater Familias passes them with a shudder. Surely he can never have tasted them fricasseed on toast. Oh the prejudices of uneducated palates!

But we must bring our stroll to a close; and so, trusting that we have made the reader who has wandered with us through the market both hungry and grateful, we bid him adieu, with the wish of Macbeth—

"Now, good digestion, wait on appetite,
And health on both."

SHAKESPEARE'S FAME IN THE LAST CENTURY.

II.

WE left the consideration of the growth of Shakespeare's fame in our last section just as we discovered how the decade, preceding Garrick's appearance, was the most marked in interest that had been known since the Restoration. There were some fortuitous circumstances that enhanced the now already flush reputation of the dramatist. "Cato" had run into favor by a parallelism of current political significance; and this chanced now to give a new life to "Henry IV.," for the populace saw in it a counterpart of the dissensions then existing between the king and the Prince of Wales. So Colley Cibber refashioned "King John" to suit a political exigency, and it gave occasion to the genuine play being brought forward, after a disuse since Shakespeare's day, to forestall the changeling's appearance. To give farther importance to Shakespeare, a society of ladies was also formed, who endowed themselves with the privilege of bespeaking a Shakespearean play once a week. By this means, and by the impulse it excited, several of the plays long in obscurity were again produced. Such was the case with Richard II. now adding in the repertoires to nearly the full list of the historical plays. In this way, too, "All's Well," "As you Like it," "Twelfth Night," and "Winter's Tale" were brought from an oblivion that had shrouded them as stage-plays since their author's day. It was not only the extending of the Shakespearean catalogue that was so marked now, but the reviewing it and substituting the genuine for the spurious. The laugh was loudly against the vampires. Fielding in one of his pieces threw his troublesome shafts at poor Colley Cibber, as almost every one else did some time or other. The laureate is mimicked and made to say, "Shakespeare was a pretty fellow, and said some things which only want a little of my licking to do well enough. * * * It was a maxime of mine, when I was at the head of theatrical affairs, that no play, though ever so good, will do without alteration." The critic in the play, representing the newer notion of managerial duty, retorts, "As Shakespeare is already good enough for people of taste, he must be altered to the palates of those who have none."

Meanwhile, the new furor was seeking to find expression in a monumental record. The first trace of the desire for such a commemoration since Milton in his famous epitaph had declared there was no need of any for his fame's sake, is in a communication to the *Weekly Register* in January, 1734. "One cannot help," says the writer, describing the monuments in the Abbey, "looking around for the immortal Shakespeare, whose works have been the bread of thousands and the entertainment of whole nations for above an age together; who was almost the creation of the English stage, and the support of it ever since." It was four years later when the *Daily Post*, March, 1738, asserted that several of the nobility had taken the scheme in hand, placing subscription books at the most noted coffee-houses. "Julius Cæsar" was given for the fund's benefit at Drury Lane, yielding £200; and the next spring "Hamlet," at the other house, afforded but £100, somewhat to the surprise of those interested, "but the lord Burlington was pleased out of his regard to the memory of so great a man to give ten guineas himself." Honor to his lordship! Naturally enough, the designing of the pedestal was given to Kent, the architect, and *protégé* of Burlington's, while the figure itself was assigned to Schee-

maker. Pope was one of the committee having the matter in charge, and several Latin inscriptions were sent to him for the tablet. One of them is curious as expressing the ignorance that prevailed of the gradual increase of Shakespeare's fame, and for the curt and waggish version that Pope gave it in English—

"After a hundred and thirty years' nap,
Enter Shakespeare with a loud clap."

This monumental tribute was finished and opened to the public inspection in the Abbey, as it stands to-day, on the 29th of January, 1741.

Meanwhile, in a critical and historical sense, a far more worthy commemoration of his fame was in training at the theater. It has been mentioned previously how, in the beginning of the century, Lord Lansdowne's transformation of the "Merchant of Venice" had been substituted for the original in the stage lists. It had been played with considerable frequency from its inception, and the play-goers knew no Shylock but the broadest caricature the comedians could imagine. They had seen him drink to his gold, and play such fooleries as belonged rather to a farce. But there was one among the actors who had studied Shakespeare and found a deeper meaning, as indeed Rowe had, for before this that editor had said, "I cannot but think the character was tragically designed by the author." Charles Macklin was a man that divined the purposes of his art, and behind that strong, rugged countenance a brain was acting that weighed results with their causes. He was contemplating the personation of Shakespeare's Jew, and he did not study the traditional "points" marked in the players' copies or in the garbled fabrication of Lansdowne; but he went to the true text to eliminate the outline, and haunted the 'Change to be among the hoarders of gold-bags, and to habituate himself to their air and deportment. The intimation that Macklin was going to make a sober character of Shylock leaked out in stage circles. They laughed at him in the green-room, and the manager begged he would abandon the idea. It was the subject of sarcastic and frivolous conjecture at the clubs and the coffee-houses. But he was not to be daunted. He paid, for those days, an unwonted study to propriety of costume; and when he marched boldly forth from his dressing-room, arrayed in a loose black gown, a peaked beard, and a red hat, the company behind the scenes looked provokingly at one another—an expression they had to change when the play went on, and Lansdowne's trash was banished for ever. "If God Almighty writes a legible hand, that man must be a villain," said Quin, as he looked on; and we all know the little rhyme that Macklin overheard among the audience in the pit, and which report assigned to Pope:

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

That poet at all events is known to have given the actor his commendation for the pains he had bestowed upon his costume; and for many a season afterward, down even to the close of the century, to see Macklin in Shylock was one of the sights of London.

This was decidedly a new era for Shakespeare's fame. The first motion had been made to dispel traditional notions when at variance with the truth that is in the plays; and, opportunely, the master spirit was close at hand to lead the ensuing revolution. The way was pointed out, and the man to traverse it was found in David Garrick.

When this dapper little man, fresh from his brief and anonymous probation at Ipswich, applied at the regular houses for an engagement, he was denied, but Fleetwood and Rich were not long in discovering what they had lost. He procured terms at Goodman's Field's, a small irregular theater at the unfashionable end of the town, and here, on a stage that had almost the pitch of a roof toward the orchestra, and with an audience elbowing him even upon it, as was permitted in that day, and with no bigger arena left among them than a table-cloth, as accounts say, he flashed upon the few worthy admirers he had in the pit, for such a Richard as they had never seen. Henceforth Shakespeare was to have a new significance. There was a bold, innovating spirit. He lacked the majestic proportions of Quin, and yet he dared to rival him; and he would not even condescend to toss on his head the eternal black plume of tragedy, as tradition had established. The old school had been stately, with a monotonous tragic cadence in the voice, such as indeed we at this day find preserved at the *Theatre Français*; and to the rounding volume of the utterance was added the long sweeping gesture of heroic dignity. With Garrick it was at once different. He was agile, naive, passionate, various; his interpretation free and obvious at once, not studied or recondite. Among the older stagers he had found in Macklin the only one who was willing to countenance him, for he had, while ostensibly a vintner, been a hanger-on of the green-rooms, a frequenter of the clubs and coffee-houses, and had even written criticisms for the journals. They knew his meaning, and laughed at his presumption in giving it life before an audience. "If the young fellow is right, I and the rest of us are all wrong," cried Quin, when he found out what the innovation was going to effect; and he likened it to the Whitfield fever, which was then drawing everybody from the church.

Garrick's choice for opening was in Richard, as it would suit his figure and not bring him into physical comparison with Quin so strongly; but he does not seem to have questioned Cibber's tinkered play which passes under that name. Perhaps he perceived what all audiences and managers have since never failed to discover, that the "ribald trash" of the laureate is indeed fitter for presentation than the pure Shakespearean piece. Garrick's justification of Cibber's work was that of all who have been brought to the test of practical management of the theater; and they plausibly claim that, as Shakespeare wrote for the stage, it is allowable to keep him there, even at the hazard of offending the commentators by liberties necessary by reason of subsequent changes of scenic propriety; and as Cibber made his alteration for the players and not for the reader, it is only proper to judge it before the footlights, and in this relation, if success means merit (and with managers it necessarily must as long as the public are joint parties with them in the matter), then assuredly Cibber's vamping was worth preserving on the stage. What Quin had approved before him and Garrick played all his days, and what every actor has since deemed it necessary to play, may well make the jealous Shakespearean ponder before he starts up with criticisms of the closet, to have every night's performance on the stage signally rebuke it. The attempt made in 1821 to substitute the true Richard of Shakespeare sufficiently disproves the assertion that the players have stuck pertinaciously to an inconsiderate blunder. It was then in this remoulded text of Shakespeare that the greatest actor of modern times first set forth those grand personations of the great dramatist that did so much, in what Hallam calls the cold and benumbed age of George the Second, to culminate the apotheosis of Shakespeare. It is well known how that new experiment at Goodman's Field's play-house succeeded; and how, at the comparatively mature age, for a player, of five and twenty, Garrick startled old prejudices and traditions, and at once linked his name with the greatest dramatic delineator of human passions. We defer to another week a continuation of the subject.

REVIEWS.

THE NEW POET.*

THE American edition of Jean Ingelow's Poems has not been generally noticed by the press, nevertheless the work seems to be spreading, by a gentle contagion, among the lovers of poetry. However it may have been in the time of poor blind John Milton, surrounded by the grosser blindness of unrecognized friends, the light of experience which shines full down upon our day does not permit genius to go long unhealed; least of all, poetic genius, which is in such demand that the public are in more danger of crying *eureka* at a false glitter than of passing by any of the genuine ore. Jean Ingelow's genius is not profound or brilliant, but it is as sweet and pure and true as it draws its inspiration from the breath of spring-time, full of the fragrance of flowers and the music of birds and bees and running water. The scent of clover comes from over the lines, and the very words are steeped in honey-dew. Knight-poets have broken their lances in every field; they have invaded science, politics, metaphysics, and have gone nigh to have proved that nature and religion (used in their old-fashioned, outside sense) are the only fields where a poet can win unfading laurels. Jean Ingelow is pre-eminently a poet of nature. She has had a touch of metaphysics, or the *subjective*, or whatever we may call it. She has been inoculated with Mrs. Browning, but hers is too healthy, out-door a life of genius to be liable to the real disease. And it is a matter to be thankful for that, whatever of the infection is to be detected in this volume, it has left untainted the purity of her poems. The best poems, as was to be expected, are not the longest. These mostly suffer from the fault of which we speak, and from a semi-dramatic formation. "He thinks," "he speaks," "she speaks," too many figures, too many thoughts, too many meanings, confuse the scene. A dramatized poem is neither a poem nor a drama. In poetry as in painting, single-lighted pictures, simple scenes, and few figures are the most generally successful. In these longer and more doubtful poems, however, occur some of the finest passages, verses unfolding each its own sweet and quiet reflection—white lilies in the mixed parterre. We subjoin one or two of these, not the best probably, for we take them merely at random:

"Doubt, a blank twilight of the heart which mars
All sweetest colors in its dimness same:
A soul-mist, through whose rifts familiar stars
Beholding we misname."

Here, again, is a pretty thought daintily expressed:

"For sheep-bells chiming from a wold,
Or bleat of lambs within its fold,
Or cooing of love-legends old
To dove-wives make not quiet less;
Ecstatic chirp of winged thing,
Or bubbling of the water spring,
Are sounds that more than silence bring,
Itself and its delightsomeness."

* Poems by Jean Ingelow. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Or yet again:

"Who talks of fame while the religious spring
Offers the incense of her blossoming."

It is only the poet's eye that watches nature and see how she does things, how she puts on her sober colors, as in the following lines:

"Then it curled
The yellow poppies in the field, and cast
A dimness on the grasses, for it furled
Their daisies, and swept out the purple stain
That eve had left upon the pastoral plain."

One more instance shall suffice to justify the new poet in her right to the title of priestess of nature. The lover has told his tale to his lady-love:

"Adieu, he said, and paused, while she sat mute
In the soft shadow of the apple-tree:
The skylark's song rang like a joyous flute,
The brook went prattling past her restlessly;
She let their tongues be her tongue's substitute,
It was the wind that sighed, it was not she:
And what the lark, the brook, the wind had said
We cannot tell, for none interpreted."

"Their counsels might be hard to reconcile,
They might not suit the moment or the spot.
She rose and laid her work aside the while
Down in the sunshine of that grassy plot:
She looked upon him with an almost smile,
And held to him a hand that faltered not.
One moment—bird and brook went warbling on.
And the wind sighed again—and he was gone."

How are we drawn close down to nature and hear her heart-throbs in these lines, and with what a glance of pathos is disclosed to us those meanings which "none interpreted." There is this undertone of sadness throughout the volume. The poet, in her friendship, has caught the very trick of nature, who, while she laughs and is gay with the merriest, has that in her face that says, "There is an inner chamber in my heart for you, O friends; a sad but diviner joy."

Nearly akin to this sympathy with nature, but not necessarily of it, is an element of picturesqueness in these poems. Several of these stanzas would furnish choice subjects for paintings; here and there a gem is set in a single line. One of these pictures occurs in the poem of the "Four Bridges," a tale of youth and love and loss. Two children grow up together—she a sweet and happy thing, loving all out-door life as gentle childhood is wont to do, but specially delighting to linger by the pond and "watch the floating white lilies with wistful eyes." Childhood passes; the youth's love changes; he is no longer content to hear the song of his "fairy bird;" "the bird with nature's art" "has brought a thorn and set it in his heart." His torment is too great; he determines to go away. When all the arrangements are completed for a three years' tour in the East, the night before he sails he goes up to the cottage to bid his Eglantine good-bye. As he pauses at the four bridges,

"The seven stars upon the nearest pool
Lie trembling down between the lily leaves,
And move like glow-worms."

At the parting he discovers her love. The thought of it lights the years of separation. He returns. After he reaches England, on his way home, elate with hope and with one thought, he spends the night at a rustic inn. He falls into a happy sleep, and afterward, in a dream, Eglantine appears to him. As she stood in the moonlight,

"The rippling gold did on her bosom meet,
The long white robe descended to her feet."

"The fringed lids drooped low as sleep oppressed,
Her dreamy smile was very fair to see,
And her two hands were folded to her breast
With somewhat held between them heedfully.
O fast asleep! and yet methought she knew
And felt my nearness those shut eyelids through."

"Then from her stainless bosom she did take
Two beautiful lily flowers that lay therein,
And with slow-moving lips a gesture make,
As one that some forgotten words doth win:
'They floated on the pool,' methought she said,
And water trickled from each lily's head."

The whole is a beautiful and perfect picture, and the ray falls across the last line with fine effect. We cannot forbear to introduce another passage from this poem as an instance of fine poetic comparison:

"Youth! youth! how buoyant are thy hopes; they turn
Like marigolds toward the sunny side.
My hopes were buried in a funeral urn,
And they sprang up like plants and spread them wide:
Though I had schooled and reasoned them away
They gathered smiling near and prayed a holiday."

While there is much variety in the character of Jean Ingelow's poems, there is remarkable evenness of quality. None of them ever falls to mediocrity. Still, it is evident that her genius is most at home in life out of doors. It sucks sweetness from it like the bees, "giddy with clover." She treads this path with the artlessness of a child. There is the pretty independence of childhood and of genius in her musical repetition of words and sonnets that bubble forth and seem to sound only because they sound so sweet, as water trickles drop by drop. This musicalness is a rare quality in a poet, and it is rarely possessed by Jean Ingelow. It is most noticeable in the ballads, especially in the milking-song in the "High Tide," where this musical intoning, this loving iteration, is carried just to the verge of excess with a recklessness that gives it its last charm.

In ballad poetry we think Jean Ingelow particularly excels. This "High Tide," and still more, "Requiescat in Pace," which, in spite of its name, is a wildly mournful Saxon ballad, is distinguished for homely simplicity of subject and a nervous force of language. Note the contrasting adaptiveness of the language to the subject in the two following stanzas:

"And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling banks amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again.
Then banks came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out."

Contrast with the graphic roughness of this language the equally fitting smoothness and pleasant flow of the words in the following:

"If it be long, eye, long ago,
Whence I begin to think how long,
Again I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow sharp and strong;
And all the air it seemeth moe
Bin full of floating bells (sayeth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby."

In "Requiescat in Pace," one of the three best poems of the volume, and in some respects the finest of the whole, the long musical swell of the lines is broken in the last line of each stanza by a sigh, as it were, imparting an indescribable pathos to the verse.

"On the wild purple mountains alone with no other,
The strong terrible mountains he longed, he longed to be;
And he stooped to kiss his father, and he stooped to kiss his mother,
And till I said 'Adieu, sweet sir,' he quite forgot me."

Another of the not slight gifts of our poet is that of happening upon the fortunate word.

"An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume."

Empty sky—not cloudless, not azure, as any but a poet would have had it, and so have failed of introducing into the picture the breadth of effulgence that comes in with that word "empty." *We two among them wading together*; by means of the one word *wading*, we see that it is the morning of life out in the morning of the day.

"Against her ankles as she trod
The lucky buttercups did nod."

Could another adjective have been found so well suited, physically and morally, to describe the state of the buttercups while the pretty maid passed over them with her milking-pail? This poem of the milk-maid, improperly, though with some show of reason, named "Reflections," is one of the freshest and sweetest, the only one of its kind, untouched by shadow, homely and bright and tenderly gay. Perhaps the most finished poem of the volume is "Light and Shade," the story of Persephone, where, without marked prominence of any, all the characteristic beauties of the poet seem to meet.

But our limits forbid farther citations. Our aim has merely been to draw attention to some of the more patent features of the "new poet." If it is the freshness and freedom, the *naïveté*, so to speak, of her genius that has won her so early a place in the affections of the public, these same peculiar gifts will prove no less powerful to preserve that place to her, and to win for her still higher regard and perhaps a lasting fame.

THE EARLY DAYS OF DEMOCRACY.*

THE people of this country are, by a large majority, democratic. The term is not to be taken, however, in the narrow party signification. It is to be taken in the sense in which Jefferson understood it, and in the sense—before it was fixed in our politics—in which the Revolutionary fathers acted without a word. It is to be taken in the sense in which it was opposed to the somewhat aristocratic (shall we say oligarchic?) tendencies of the early federalists—men who, from tradition, family, or sympathy, could never be thorough democrats—such men as George Washington, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton. These great patriots and their associates were by nature aristocratical. They did not believe in the divine right of the populace—in the infallibility of the common instinct. For this reason, it may be they were the better suited to be the founders of the Republic. They were among the people, though not strictly of the people; they were sincerely patriotic, though not democratic; and they became the natural leaders of a revolution which needed a degree of wisdom for its guidance that the masses then could not possess. It cannot be denied by those who study the writings and movements of these leading minds that the tendency of their opinions was to concentrate power—a tendency that the instincts of the people began early to resist.

The life of Edward Livingston was passed at the very period when democracy began to assert itself distinctively

in our politics, and he was himself identified with its young and giant growth. Jefferson was President of the United States when Livingston was in his prime; and of the political organization which the former originated, and which Jackson took into his mailed hand, Livingston was one of the ablest and most consistent yet catholic supporters. It can never cease to be a matter of interest and surprise that the impetuous and uncultured Jackson should have so loved and trusted the gentle-hearted and scholarly Livingston. Their acquaintance began when the two were together members of the House of Representatives in 1796; it deepened into intimacy in New Orleans, where Livingston was Jackson's secretary, counsellor, aid-de-camp, and friend; and it was continued after the former was elected President, when he called the latter to succeed Van Buren as Secretary of State, trammeling him by no engagement or obligation, and subsequently sending him as Minister to France, where his mingled courtesy and firmness in the French claim matter were the admiration alike of his countrymen and of the court to which he was accredited. In no part of his life, perhaps, was the radical difference of his character from that of his eminent friend and patron so signally illustrated; for if he had been like Jackson, the country would then have undoubtedly been embroiled in a war with France—a calamity that we barely escaped.

This diversity of the elements that made up the democratic party in those days, is one of the most assuring facts in our history to the radical believer in popular sovereignty. It is something to see the representative of one of the most aristocratic families in America, so thoroughly repudiating the idea of a privileged class, taking his stand on the common level of the people, and becoming one of the most uncompromising defenders of their rights. It is even more than curious to note that the most exceptional sentiment ever uttered by this scion of the Manor was the first note of that cry which became the watchword of the very "barn-burners" who, not many years after, lawlessly attacked the tenure of the hereditary estate of his own family. This occurred in his speech on the Alien Bill in 1798, when the ardor of his feelings carried him to say that the measure, if passed, ought to be resisted by the people—a sentiment which can never be justified, and which may have opened the way to popular excesses that the speaker himself could not fail to lament.

Before passing to some notice of the leading acts of Edward Livingston's life, and an estimate of his character, we may remark that Mr. Hunt has executed his task fairly and creditably. Having been employed to write the notices of Robert R. and Edward Livingston for the new Cyclopaedia, he contracted an interest in the latter that could only be satisfied by as complete a history of his life as materials were at hand to construct—which interest accounts for the present volume. Like too many biographers, Mr. Hunt seems to have thought it incumbent upon him to slur over or omit the less creditable passages of the life he portrays, and to make his hero almost unapproachably heroic. Mr. Livingston's virtues are consequently sometimes rather exaggerated, and his faults excused or palliated. There is no reason, however, to suspect the distortion of historic truth, farther than certain omissions tend to distort. A disposition to moralize, resulting in a few commonplace remarks, is to be noticed in the earlier part of the volume, but disappears as the writer fairly warms with his subject. Some of the anecdotes and other reminiscences, too, are of a puerile character, and would better have been omitted. They were used, doubtless, under the impression that they would impart a sprightliness to the dry current of biography—a mistake which does no justice to the powers of the author's pleasing pen.

Edward Livingston was born in this state in 1764, and died at his seat, Montgomery Place, near Rhinebeck, in 1836, within three days of his birthday. His seventy-two years, therefore, covered the most momentous periods of American history; and though he was too young to bear a part in the Revolutionary struggle, he was old enough to take the spirit of those times. His ardent and peculiarly receptive mind did not fail of the occasion, and his long public life was a succession of patriotic impulses and acts worthy of his lineage and early associations. Bred a lawyer, he was admitted to the bar in 1785, and elected as the representative of this city in Congress three times successively, in 1794, 1796, 1798. The state of New York had then ten members, and this city was but a congressional district. This period was the second term of Washington's administration, and the first of Adams's, and Livingston unhesitatingly ranged himself with the opposition. He opposed the address to Washington, the Alien and Sedition bills, and advocated the resolutions reflecting upon Mr. Adams in the matter of Jonathan Robbins. In these and other measures, whether right or wrong, Mr. Livingston always appeared on the side of popular rights, though it may well be that at that early age his zeal was somewhat indiscriminate. He opposed the establishment of a naval department, but it should never be forgotten that he was one of the first, if not the very first, to assert the wrongs of American seamen in the matter of foreign impressment. His movement in this matter was in 1796, and was the first spark that kindled the war of 1812—a war the importance of which to our national standing and strengthening has never been

appreciated by our people. In its turn it was the justification of the Monroe doctrine, it has kept us from foreign interference ever since, and it still exerts an influence. It was during this session that Mr. Livingston began his inquiries into the penal code—the great interest of his legal life and investigations, and the source of his foreign reputation. He made an ineffectual effort in Congress for the reformation of criminal law, and afterward prepared, with great labor, an original and ingenious code for the state of Louisiana, which, though not adopted, and indeed not yet justified in all its parts by the judgment of the world, attracted the most enthusiastic encomiums in Europe, and remains a lasting monument of his purity and goodness of heart. In 1801 Mr. Livingston was appointed district attorney for New York, by Mr. Jefferson, and the same year he was elected mayor of this city, an office then held in great honor. De Witt Clinton was his successor. When Louisiana was sold to the United States in 1803, Mr. Livingston, having become, by his carelessness of money, involved in a heavy debt to the United States (occasioned by the accumulation of his collections as district attorney), determined to settle in New Orleans, whither he sailed, after having confessed judgment to the Government in the sum of \$100,000. The amount due, however, it may be remarked, proved to be only \$43,661, which was subsequently paid in full. In New Orleans he commenced a career of wonderful industry and success, practicing his profession in the French and Spanish, as well as his native tongue. Here he became involved in his great "Batture St. Marie" controversy with Mr. Jefferson. The account of this contest, and the light it throws upon Mr. Jefferson's character and conduct, is the most interesting and valuable biographical part of Mr. Hunt's work. While the admirers of the Sage of Monticello can hardly be pleased with it, it is nevertheless of much importance, and the vindication of Mr. Livingston is ample and complete. The occasion called forth all his powers, and during the long litigation of many years, barely concluded indeed with his life, one knows not which to admire most, Mr. Livingston's patience, persistency, and resource, or his courtesy, cheerfulness, and intellectual power. Mr. Jefferson was so unadvised as to renew the controversy, after he had passed into private life, by the publication of a pamphlet purporting to contain the minutes of his directions to counsel in the case, but which bore evident marks of subsequent modifications. Mr. Livingston's annihilating review of this paper is a fine specimen of combined argument, evidence, and sarcasm. It is a pleasing fact that the breach between the two was afterward repaired, and, though there is no evidence of any specific concession on the part of Mr. Jefferson, we find him subsequently in friendly intercourse with his early friend and late adversary. Mr. Livingston, in the last year of his life, had occasion to refer to this controversy in the Supreme Court at Washington, which he did in the following characteristic terms: "That pamphlet (his reply to Mr. Jefferson's paper) was written under circumstances in which the author thought, and still thinks, he had suffered grievous wrongs—wrong which he thought, and still thinks, justified the warmth of language in which some parts of his argument are couched, but which his respect for the public and private character of his opponent, always obliged him to regret that he had been forced to use. He is happy, however, to say, that at a subsequent period, the friendly intercourse with which, prior to that breach, he had been honored, was renewed; that the offended party forgot the injury, and that the other performed the more difficult task (if the maxim of a celebrated French author is true) of forgiving the man on whom he had inflicted it."

After the war, and his services at the period of Jackson's defense of New Orleans, Mr. Livingston became even more eminent as a lawyer, and was appointed to revise the criminal code, his great work already referred to. Without entering into any criticism of this remarkable performance, we only add that the chief cause of its tacit rejection by the world seems to us to have been a theoretic impracticability in certain details, particularly as regards his substitution for the death penalty—a penalty which he opposed with all his force to the end of his days. He was subsequently elected to Congress from New Orleans, and became an ardent supporter of General Jackson for the presidency. He was then elected senator, and took part, among other measures, in the debate on Foot's Resolution, in which Mr. Webster so much distinguished himself. In May, 1831, having succeeded professionally and retired from New Orleans to his native state, he became Secretary of State under Jackson—a position which suited his tastes, and was accepted with alacrity. During his term of office he drew up some of Jackson's most famous papers, particularly the address to the people of South Carolina on the nullification excitement. How we longed for a Jackson and a Livingston during the vacillating decline of President Buchanan! Just two years after his induction to the secretaryship, Mr. Livingston was appointed Minister to France. His management of our pecuniary difficulty with that nation, complicated as it was by Jackson's impetuosity, is fully described in Mr. Hunt's pages. His shrewd yet courteous deprecation and denial of the right of a foreign power to enter into the communications of the President with his ministers and Congress, and to base any action upon the unreserved tone of such communications, may be regarded

* Life of Edward Livingston. By Charles Havens Hunt, with an introduction by George Bancroft. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864. 8vo.

as an original and important addition to the code of international comity.

Mr. Livingston was a man of generous nature and culture. He was gentle-hearted, yet persistent; generous to a fault, yet with a grasp like death itself upon any form of oppression; courteous and urbane as a Parisian, yet above all things a man of the masses; of a heart that would suffer any pang rather than inflict one, yet master of a sarcasm that could wither and consume every form of meanness. His humor was unceasing, and it was his prominent social trait to play upon words—many of his puns, it must be confessed, being deplorable. In his domestic relations (he was twice married, his second wife being a French lady of accomplishments and beauty) he was evidently an amiable and lovable man. It was one of the infelicities of his biography, perhaps, that the current rumors of a less degree of domestic happiness than his virtues deserved, had too much foundation to be investigated. It is only just to say, however, that the selection furnished by Mr. Livingston from his letters betrays no evidence of the truth of these reports. As to what has been said to be "the most important fact about a man," Mr. Livingston's biographer remarks that his writings "contain frequent traces of religious faith and religious sentiment, but no trace of theological views." Theological views are indeed no test of the good that is in a man. It is probable, however, that Mr. Livingston's religious opinions were of a merely humanitarian character. We look in vain for a gleam of spiritual insight, and cannot resist the conviction that the weak points of his criminal code are attributable to an undue faith in unaided human volitions. He was a philosopher much upon the French order of his day. He believed and practiced fully the elegancies, amenities, and humanities of life. His carelessness of money, while it sprang, doubtless, from his geniality of disposition, was to be regretted, as it kept him in debt and afforded his enemies the means of censure and misrepresentation. Mr. Hunt mentions this infirmity or fault, however, and we are led to ask why, in his account of Gen. Wilkinson's proceedings against Mr. Livingston at New Orleans, he does not refer with equal candor to the intimacy of the relations of the latter to Colonel Burr, and his sympathy, to a certain point, with Burr's designs? Possibly Mr. Hunt was not fully informed on this point.

The present work, apart from its biographical interest, contributes to the political history of our country as connected with the development of the democratic element. It goes over a part of the same ground (in the life of another) which Mr. Parton has so thoroughly explored in his biography of Jackson; and in one place, indeed, a slight error into which Mr. Parton has fallen, in attributing the composition of the Bank veto to Mr. Livingston, is corrected.

The typographical execution of this work is in the substantial and beautiful "Riverside" manner, and the book is much enriched by a suggestive engraving of Ritchie's bust of Livingston.

THE HOMESTEAD OF THE NATIONS.*

ENTHUSIASM is a valuable incentive to a man either young or old. It surmounts obstacles, and half the world's great accomplishments are done under its impulse. It enabled Speke and Grant to inscribe their names where they will not perish. The Arctic's mysteries have been probed by it. When science or art finds an enthusiast in their trains, there is sure to be something come of it. It carries the investigator to unheard-of lengths, and if the footing he makes is insecure, and he is obliged to abandon what he fancies gained, we feel the eager spirit has briefly sacrificed itself for the warning of those that may come after. We witness the mishap without a hard thought. By such means is nobility and usefulness won, though the failure may sometimes come.

Enthusiasm is contagious, and we cannot long be in contact with it without feeling its influence in ourselves, if we can feel assured it is well grounded, and that it has grown on success. Should there be, however, a suspicion of that easy assumption of it which comes from mere susceptibility of temperament, mere engrossing thought without questioning, we are apt to weigh its worth more rigorously, and debate upon its value. We can follow Belzoni and Mariette willingly, and enjoy their eager happiness, as, with a divining-rod in his own intuitions that seldom fails, the one reopens the long hidden tomb, or the other uncovers the avenue of Sphinxes. When Champollion unrolls a papyrus, or glazes admiringly over the transcript of a new hieroglyphic, we can feel something of the enthusiasm that is incident to unraveling a world-wide mystery. But when these and Bunsen, Wilkinson, and Lepsius are brought together to give their united testimony to the value and significance of what is known concerning the most ancient of nations, we naturally look for calm consideration, for thoughtful comparison, and earnest delving for a meaning. If not this, let us have a rhapsody—a gush of poetry; but one could hardly venture to the length of a volume in such a vein.

We write thus with Mr. Clark's volume before us, because we are net in all respects satisfied with it. It is harsh to

judge a man's work for what it does not pretend to be. Our author boasts no recondite learning in his theme; he takes what others have accumulated, assort the items, and designs a recapitulation of all, under such heads as occur. But he frequently grows altogether too feverish for this sort of work. We can understand the way Belzoni thought the face of the Colossus seemed to smile upon him when he found it, and pardon the hyperbole in the flush of his discovery; but when Mr. Clark goes into his raptures over the sculpture and paintings of the old Theban remains, we cannot pardon it as to a discoverer, but look upon it as rather intrusive in the returned traveler with its note-books before him, his authorities well conned, and reminders all about him of that genuine art which is the chrysalis of the Egyptian larve.

We must do Mr. Clark the justice to say, however, that he is not alone in this laughable mania. To be an "Egyptologist" has become to mean a wild enthusiast. The only art of the Nile-land that is deserving of the name is its architecture, and its wonderful power has bewildered many brains. It has been so hard to see that, when the Egyptian mind turned from the massive conceptions of symbolism with which it invested its art of building to the decorative arts of painting and sculpture, it made that fearfully hazardous step that let it down from the sublime to the ridiculous. In the ruins of their temples one is struck before all things else with the fitness of the proportions, and in the remains of their scenic and plastic arts the absence of nothing else is so conspicuous. It is not that they failed in practice, for there are abundant signs in them that the tool was wielded by a hand that had been long schooled. They knew what it was to have an ideal in parts, as is everywhere shown, but they seemed to have had no conception of the ideal in the mass. Plato tells us that the specimens of art in his day were identical in character with those that had come down through a thousand years, and this is accounted for by Wincklemann on grounds that are completely subversive of all art, namely, that their artists were not allowed to deviate from the ancient style, and the innovator who ventured to show he had a genius for improvement would share the fate of the physician that hazarded a cure not provided for in the sacred books. And it is such art, trammelled with the worst of traditional shackles, that Mr. Clark finds so "elegant;" this feeble anatomy he calls "so life-like." It is a commentary of his own and rather amusing to read what "must have been" the expression of Memnon, with "the mouth ever breaking into a smile of love and benevolence and pity, which spoke of the deepest reliance on its own mysterious power," and after such fustian to turn the page and look upon the lithograph he gives of the ruined colossi. The smile that *must have been* is transferred very rapidly to the reader's countenance. Such kind of writing is too easy to claim allowances; and Mr. Clark has not got the imagination for a rhapsodist of the genuine stamp. As is frequently the case with such lofty writers, he dreads being particular, and tosses the guide-book aside as if he had no use for it. A few figures might be valuable to him as a ligature to tie him down to the earth. When he does use them, however, he is not very exact. A hundred feet out of the way is rather too gross a miscalculation for so large an object even as the Pyramid of Cheops, and this he makes when he would bring its magnitude home to us by calling its altitude twice and a half that of the shaft of Bunker's Hill. The accredited measurements make the height of the pyramid about six hundred and fifty feet, while the obelisk at Charlestown is two hundred and twenty. Again, his figures about the entrance to the largest pyramid are at variance with the standard authorities and their diagrams. He places it half-way up the northern side, while they put it at forty feet; and his description of the passage within is equally far from conforming. It is not in many cases that he ventures on this numerical exactness. He would rather avoid it as something in every treatise and guide-book, but he should be bound to give us something better in its place. It is this avoidance that will give his book uneasiness to the exacting reader. For a treatise that is to be considered a digest of existing knowledge we need far more definiteness. One in fact must be almost an *Egyptologist* (heaven save the mark!) to get through his pages without wishing his illusion cleared up.

Mr. Clark's style partakes of the character of his book. It is sometimes turgid, as we have intimated; but his short sentences do much to keep his meaning clear. Only the pronouns seem to bother him unconsciously. As, for instance, he is telling the story of the ring, that is well known from Schiller's ballad. "Many are the tales of these rings," he writes. "Among them we read of Amasis, the last of the prosperous kings of Egypt, who was united by treaties and friendship with Polycrates, tyrant of Samos. His seal of emerald, engraved and set in gold, was the admiration of the world." One who knows the story understands to whom the Italicized word refers; but its grammatical correlative is certainly the leading nominative, Amasis. Again, the Queen of England would hardly speak of Mr. Adams as *her* ambassador, yet Mr. Clark writes of Cleopatra's talking in their native tongues with all *her* ambassadors. Once more we have a gross error of dependence. He is speaking of the pyramid. "Its base more than exceeds the area of the

famous Colosseum, and is nearly three times its height." This is a new measurement for a base-line.

We have been led perhaps, by attention to some scattered points, into reflections upon "Daleth" that may seem unwarranted. The author has, we doubt not, produced a book that will not fail of giving pleasure to more charitable readers than the mere critic. His motive is a good one. It was to associate with personal visits to the localities named, a retrospective view of the early ages of Egypt, with their life-scenes and characteristics; and to this end he has grouped his facts and observations. We cannot discover by collation that he has attained anything before unreachd (as, indeed, he makes no pretensions to it), except, perhaps, in the degree of fulsome praise bestowed upon the battle-scenes at Thebes, "that Giulio Romano would have despaired of imitating;" or that state of insurrection among the stones, where they "refuse to obey the pencil and note-book and measuring-line," as wonderfully happened at Karnak. But then this is only a pleasant way of speaking rather strongly, and many may like it. To the willing reader the book will give a sitting or two of satisfaction. It will charm his eye in its externals certainly, and he will discover, if at all critical in such things, that he has rarely or never seen woodcuts so clearly printed. If he seeks for thorough investigation he will not find it; but if he can be pleased with the warm interest of the author in his subject, passing over the enthusiasm that sometimes bewilders him, and likes to read a collocation of the scattered fragments of detail of the life and manners of those ancient Egyptians, he will hardly find it better or so well set forth in any American book. Mr. Gliddon's archaeological researches were overcrowded with details to allure permanently the general reader. The English work by Kenrick on "Egypt under the Pharaohs" was written before Lepsius published his researches; and Mr. Sharpe's volume has not, we think, been reprinted here.

MUSIC.

THE ENGLISH OPERA AT NIBLO'S.

"But, sir, which is Daniel and which the lions?" exclaims the doubtful peeper-in at the itinerant show. "My good sir," replies the obliging speculator in Biblical history and modern curiosity, "you pay your money and you take your choice." Whereat satisfaction beams upon the countenance of the party thus laconically enlightened. This little story, although not one of Mr. Lincoln's, but equal to his best, is sufficiently popularized to answer our purpose in quoting it prior to noticing the merits of the "English Opera" as heard or seen at Niblo's Garden nightly.

As the opera is generally defined a musical drama, the intelligent visitor at Niblo's frequently finds himself in like quandary with the innocent rustic who sought entertainment in viewing the "Daniel and Lions" exhibition. "Which, Mr. Wheatley, if you please, is the musical and which the dramatic portion of the performance at your establishment?" Is the amiable Mr. P. Richings, who always gets himself up to match the furniture of the seventeenth century, "first old man" or first tenore robusto? Is the redoubtable representative of the once musical Seguin family viewed theatrically as the "heavy," or operatically as primo baritone? Is the prattling youth in pumps, and whose lips are shaded with new-blown moustachios, the interesting "juvenile" or tenore angelico of the troupe? Is the indescribable feminine party who does gipsy queens, and fairy queens, and elderly mermaids, the fragment of some antique musical snuff-box, or a contribution from the ballet corps, prematurely jaundiced and rheumatic? Is the occasional Mr. Peakes the refreshing "utility," or a basso traveling upon one lung, and that out of repair? And lastly, is the chorus regarded as vocal as well as dramatic supernumeraries; and is the orchestra, according to the last census, up to the numerical standard for a minstrel troupe or a circus company? These, Mr. Wheatley, are questions which suggest themselves to the inquiring, practical mind. Have you their respective answers in your possession? If you have, by all means favor the patrons of your establishment with them, and relieve the intelligent public of the doubt and perplexity concerning the Richings exhibition that now prevails.

In years gone by, old travelers used to halt at inns whose sign-boards announced that entertainment could be had within for "Man and Beast." The management at Niblo's Garden might with justice to itself and the public reproduce over the spacious entrance to the flowerless establishment one of these obsolete signs, after carefully erasing the noun *Man* and the copulative conjunction *and*, and giving a plural termination to the remaining tough substantive. The statement thus arising would be only honest Anglo-Saxon for the brazen announcement of "English Opera Every Night." We have no objection to calling things by their right names, even though in so doing we flatly contradict the hourly assertions of one of the principal managers in the country. The Richings Troupe indulges in a show belonging to the same order with those of the cheap curiosity shops whose stock in trade is a child with two heads, a man with snake arms, a woman with hoofs, and a calf with four tails. The venerable Peter Richings is the known originator of a species of monstrosity in art quite as repulsive to refined taste as are bearded women, double-headed babies, and idiotic What-is-Its. He has established the star system in opera.

Finding in his foster daughter the possessor of a superior voice and an agreeable stage presence, he has presumed upon the credulity and good-nature of the public in nearly every city in the Union and Canada to mulct them week after week and year after year of their loose change in consideration of a musical, dramatic, farcical, and scenic hodge-podge, fit only to amuse a congregation of guileless Choctaws. It is she who must draw the crowd, receive their bouquets and applause, and so give a luster to the name she wears.

* Daleth: or the Homestead of the Nations. Egypt Illustrated. By Edward L. Clark. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. 8vo, pp. 289.

Should a capable tenor or baritone or basso or contralto figure beside the really gifted Caroline, the pleasure of the audience would be enhanced no doubt, but the splendor of the family voice and the glory of the family name might prove less dazzling by comparison. Hence the rose is planted in a cabbage garden, the pearl is disclosed amongst oysters, positive talent is hedged in with mediocrity and worse. This is the English of the "Richings English Opera." This is fact versus advertiserial fiction.

We have neither time nor patience to waste in criticizing the performances given under the direction of this humbug, and besides, were we otherwise disposed, consideration for our readers would forbid our going into the matter thoroughly. Except the scenery and an occasional ballad sung by the prima donna, there is no redeeming quality to be found in the several acts of any absurd hash announced by Mr. Richings as such and such an opera. In Boston, not long since, the "troupe" produced a couple of comic operas by Mr. Julius Eichberg, a scholarly musician and artist of that city. The representations were so execrable that a good portion of the audience on each occasion left the house in disgust before the performance was half over, yet one of these compositions, "The Doctor of Alcantara," had previously made a genuine hit at the hands of another company, thus plainly showing that the fault lay not with the work, but with its doers. We can assure Mr. Balfie that but for the accidental presence of Mr. S. C. Campbell in the cast of the Bohemian Girl last week, and the rendition of the part of Arline by Miss Richings, the opera could not have been recognized by its most intimate acquaintance. We have not witnessed the "Enchantress," brought out this week, but our recollections of its performance last season are lively, and anything operatically more absurd never was heard in this sadly experienced world. The "Postillion of Lonjumeau," Adolphe Adam's charming conception, was shamefully travestied at the opening of the current season through the instrumentality of the chief musical sinner of the age and his misguided young men.

Mr. Richings's forte is standing as central figure in a tableau representing General George Washington, between Hail Columbia and the Goddess of Liberty, gazing at a private exhibition of fireworks located at the first entrance on the right-hand side of the stage. As the mimic Father of his Country, Mr. Richings excels, and wise would he be if he were to confine himself wholly to the brief grouping in the "Apotheosis."

Now, as to the liberal patronage which the Richings opera seems to enjoy, a careful observation of the audiences gathered at Niblo's night after night will satisfy any person who knows hayseed from kid gloves, that the bulk of spectators hail from the rural districts. Soldiers on furlough predominate, and they are not critical. It is easy to cry "immense success" when the success is made before persons unable to discriminate between a soprano voice and a snare drum, and positively some of the visitors at Niblo's are thus blissfully constituted.

It has puzzled many observing citizens to discover why the English operatic balderdash thrives since the recent excellent experiment in genuine English opera failed. The answer is easily given. The management of the late company which appeared at the Park Theater, Brooklyn, and at Niblo's Saloon in this city, was unequal to the task devolving upon it. Had that enterprise been intrusted to experienced hands, and could a well-appointed and commodious theater have been procured, a veritable artistic and financial success would have attended every performance. The material for prolonged prosperity was confined to a well-intentioned manager, but he failed to bring into the business either capital or, what is better, valuable experience. Hence the attempt failed, although enough was done to prove that the public is ready to support a native operatic stage when competent talent is brought out upon it. The Harrison company, badly managed as it was, was the best of its kind that New York has heard for over twenty years, when the Seguin troupe was extant. The trouble with the Thillon party and with the Payne and Harrison concern was that they attempted to hobble into fame on one leg, just as the sexagenarian Richings would do if he could. Each troupe possessed a capable soprano, and nothing else. As well might we expect a piano or a table to preserve its proper balance upon a single limb as to look for the requisite form in operas given by a company whose total vocal register, aside from that of the prima donna, does not foot up an octave and a quarter of genuine musical tones. Mr. Hill, chief tenor at Niblo's, could not reach the upper F sharp if he were to mount a step-ladder, and the basso looks for his foundation-note only about a third below the middle C. Such abject vocal poverty was perhaps never before witnessed in public. Possibly motives of pure charity actuate people in spending their money upon so lamentable a rare show as the Richings English Opera. At any rate, there is consolation in the thought.

A R T .

KENSSETT'S LAKE GEORGE.

THE most unaggressive and loved of the leaders of the American school of painting has at length produced a picture of size sufficient to call forth his best strength, and of importance enough in subject-matter, if successfully treated, to confirm his position as one of the three foremost men of our landscape art. Mr. Kensett has long been accepted as a most consummate master in the treatment of subjects full of repose and sweetness, and been honored by critics and painters for the simple and unpretending character of his works—works remarkable for tenderness and refinement of feeling, exquisite quality of color, and a free and individual method of painting certain facts of nature. Not great or extended in his range, not a colorist in the absolute sense of the term, but with an unflinching feeling for harmony, and of a judicious and liberal mind, noticeable for taste, Mr. Kensett has painted some of the most exquisite pictures that illustrate our art. Never invoking the assistance of a great or sensational subject, but sedulously seeking for the simplest material, he has, by his skill and feeling as a painter taught us the beauty and poetry of subjects that have been called meager and devoid of interest. By infusing his personality into his work, by painting conscientiously, and up to his understanding of nature, by the utter absence of cant and affectation of what is called truth in art, which too often means the limitations of a narrow, immature, and unphilosophical understanding of nature, he has rendered for us much of the free spirit of this world, in which our senses converse with delight; and if at times devoid of strength, in his best estate he fairly won for himself the honor of being called the lyrical poet of American landscape art.

In the picture called "October Afternoon—Lake George," exhibited for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund, at the gallery of Goupil & Co., we have Mr. Kensett's highest effort. A careful and thorough consideration of the work is called for, and we shall endeavor to offer the best criticism and recognition that we can command. The first impression of the picture is agreeable to the esthetic law of art, which is that our sense of the beautiful should

be touched. The influence of the painting is most pleasant. Its merits are more salient than its defects. If it has defects they do not affront us. This because they are not positive, but negative. Criticism must admit that what may be called the active elements of Mr. Kensett's work, that is to say, that which influences us, are true and beautiful, and the faults—being those of failure to insist upon parts and grasp facts, and carry them as far as possible in expression—are merely limitations. It is in consequence of this that the picture is a success. It expresses the conditions of its creator's thought, and these conditions are in harmony with art as an interpretation of nature. The subject itself, "October Afternoon—Lake George," is one that has many elements of affecting suggestion and beauty. The soft radiance of the afternoon sky, the subdued richness of the changed leaves, the expanse of water, the rough mountain beautified by color, so exquisite that it almost makes us forget that it is one of the rude earth-kings, and the graceful lines of the composition itself, unite to delight our senses and fascinate our thought. Autumn is a favorite subject with our painters, and its aspects have often been rendered. But the sentiment men find in our autumn is determined by their own nature. Therefore Mr. Kensett has given us an autumn effect in which a subdued richness and quiet and tender beauty of color is most noticeable, and which differs from the autumn pictures of all other painters. Looking at Mr. Kensett's picture, we think: this is not that pomp of color, that affluence of life so ripe that it is on the verge of decay; this is not that sensuous, if not voluptuous loveliness of nature, regal and opulent, and which recalls all the imagined glory and magnificence of color; but it is a russet richness, just removed from somberness, that the painter has given us. Here is no flaming gold and crimson, but browns and grays and delicate cinnamon hues. The picture even in this particular is most significant. It is another witness to the law that a man sees and paints that which he feels, or that with which he has most sympathy. Mr. Kensett's autumn afternoon is one of quiet richness and tenderness of color. Its color is not the glory of ancient Venice; not the mellowness of the most seductive hues; but simply serene, beautiful, and subdued. Thus much for what we understand as the sentiment of the color which Mr. Kensett has placed on his canvas. When we regard the picture purely as a composition—as a combination of certain forms and of light and dark—we find the first is graceful, and the second pleasing in effect. There are but few lines to which a fastidious critic can object, and there is no glare of effect. Everything is harmonious and beautiful. The leafage of the trees is loosely and freely given, and the broken ground rendered with a just appreciation of form. Called upon to state the deficiencies of the work as a piece of manipulation, we write that there is something of confusion in the execution of parts, and an absence of firm, clear, precise, and strong painting of the foreground material. What we must admire, however, is the loose arrangement and beautiful suggestion of the foreground details. And this leads us, in passing, to observe that Mr. Kensett renders the details of his work in a manner which must be considered as interpretation rather than realization. Critics differ about the degree of imitation of particular forms which is consistent with a just relation to a picture as a whole. Mr. Kensett's practice shows that he gives his adherence to art as an interpretation rather than as an imitation of nature; a view which has been that of all great painters in the maturity of their powers.

Mr. Kensett's work is also admirable in the sense of warm, rich, dry atmosphere which it expresses. But in truth it is so satisfactory as a whole that one cares not to consider its details. Its unity and beauty of impression places it above the necessity of vindicating itself by the perfection of its parts. It may be that we have seen Mr. Kensett paint clouds more exquisitely than those that float in the far-off sky of his "Lake George;" it may be that he has given the gradation of tint in a more pronounced yet equally subtle manner; but he has never painted a sky and distance that better expresses air and invites us by its depth and beauty into the infinite of nature. When we allow our eye to roam and linger over the landscape, we recognize delightful passages that in themselves have been sufficient to make smaller pictures; and, gratified, we discover the "Lake George" to be a summary and embodiment of the artist's study of nature extending over many years. The brook, the bridge, and the waterfall in the middle ground of the picture is charming; and also admirable is the noble forms, and the impressive largeness of the oak in the foreground. In conclusion of our article on a picture that pleases so much that we forget to be critical, that acts like an opiate, dulling our critical sense, as every beautiful work of art should do, we would express our delight in the soft radiance of the sky, the pure and delicate color, the fine rendering of space, and the harmony of the picture as a whole. It is certainly pleasant to contemplate in these lulls of the dreadful tumult of war, soothing to the sense of a people racked by the shattering agitations of battles won and lost; of sons and brothers and husbands, wounded and killed; and though it can scarcely place Mr. Kensett among the few painters whose works belong to pure creative art, it yet shows that he has facility without feebleness, and is a most consummate and unrivaled master in the treatment of subjects characterized by beauty, repose, and tenderness.

MR. BALL'S CORIOLANUS

Boston, March, 1864.

MR. BALL has just cast in plaster the small model of Forrest in Coriolanus, which he has been making in clay. He made a study of the head of the actor while on a visit to Philadelphia, and fashioned the figure from observation attendant upon witnessing closely his various theatrical personations for some weeks. He verified his proportions by careful measurement of all parts of the body, and the figure as it stands preserves this exactness, except in a trifling undersize of the head, which brings it nearer to classic models. His object was to give the spectator the like impression of the actor that he derives from seeing him on the stage. Mr. Forrest, though not in reality the large man he contrives to appear by his carriage and professional skill, conveys, perhaps, on the stage, before all things else, an impression of stalwart power and majestic presence. Without that atmosphere of living personality which produces this result, the sculptor must rely upon his artistic skill to beget its equivalent; and Mr. Ball has judged rightly that he could not effect it so completely as by thus subjecting the proportions of the head to this preponderance of the bodily symmetry. It gives the desired result, while it would need the application of the measuring-tape to detect the variation. The present model stands not far from two feet high. The weight is chiefly thrown upon the left foot, while the left hand, gathering up the folds of the flowing robe to disentangle the feet, discloses the bare muscular leg, with its sandaled foot, up to the knee, which is just glimpsed below the drapery. The head is so inclined to the right that it presents its profile view, when seen from this side,

half way to the front. The effect here is strikingly grand; the outline of the drapery is easy, the weight is well supported upon that massive leg—not in the least, however, exaggerated—and the turn of the head discloses the thoroughly Roman strength of the neck.

Viewed on the opposite quarter, the face is seen in full, the robe has fallen from the left shoulder, disclosing the figured corselet and leaving the arm bare, the hand grasping a roll, the wrist thrown a little out, and the knuckles touching the folds of the robe as they cover the thigh of the extended right leg. In this aspect, if not so strikingly statuesque as from the other side, the life of the countenance and the compactness of outline give it equal majesty. The only thing hypercriticism might object to, would be the tuft of whiskers before the ears, the moustache and imperial, which were copied from life, and which the actor himself wears in his personation. They are without doubt an anachronism. We have no remains of ancient art to show that this cut of the beard antedates a very modern era. There are doubtless equally flagrant violations of chronological propriety in Shakespeare himself, for Douce has shown us how careless he was in these things. He makes Coriolanus address the populace as Hob and Dick; and there is mention of churchyardly groats, etc., and Alexander, Cato and Galen are all referred to. We might be expected, then, to pardon in the stage getting-up such inadvertence as this we have pointed out, especially if, as it perhaps is the case, the absence of all beard had impoverished the effect of the countenance. Mr. Ball, however, has given a truer fold to the toga than ease of action on the stage allows the player to preserve. The actor is forced to have the folds fastened in place at the shoulder to prevent awkward dislocation in passages of great action. The sculptor has properly taken the models of that robe as they are found in the antique, and consequently has much enhanced the graceful effect of it. The position assumed by the artist is one which embodies his character in the groes, without corresponding to any particular passage in the play. The toga above the corselet gives us the citizen with the warrior, while the bracelet of the victor upon his right wrist still attests his warlike prominence.

The character of Coriolanus, as we moderns understand it, is that drawn by Plutarch, and dramatically and more sharply set forth in accordance by Shakespeare, and to both of these sources Mr. Ball has given faithful study. The conception of him as rendered by Dionysius Halicarnassensis is quite different, and was that followed by Thomson, in his tragedy of the same name as Shakespeare's, which he wrote for the sonorous art and level characterizations of Quin. This latter play commences at the banishment, which Shakespeare only reaches in the fourth act, and rests the main interest with the Volscians, while Shakespeare gives it to the Romans. The testy imaginative hero, grand as a conqueror, majestic in scorn, and sometimes belittled in passion, as Shakespeare made him, so nicely hitting the idea that Plutarch gives, became with Thomson quite a circumspect talker, a character of greater level and more regular development. Owing to the better condensation of the catastrophe, and some reliefs which the players are glad to seize on, and not least among them the dagger given to Volantia, the play copies have almost invariably mixed something of Thomson's language and conduct with the last scenes of Shakespeare's play. The elder Sheridan worked up his copy in this way in 1754, with a taint of an older adaptation by Dennis besides, while Garrick opposed him in the genuine text, putting Mossop for the hero. Kemble followed Sheridan nearly in 1789. Keane revived the original in 1820, but failed to do himself credit in the acting, being fairly eclipsed by Macready. American audiences have recently had the opportunity of judging of Mr. Forrest's personation, and it would be mere caviling to say that he has not acquired credit by it. If posterity is to judge of his personality as made up for the part in Mr. Ball's statue, they will not be at a loss to say that hardly anything could be more complete, and that the proud, overbearing, impetuous, and majestic old Roman found his fit representative in his subject.

Mr. Forrest has now in his possession a plaster bust by Persico, taken in his younger days, and a marble head, by an ordinary workman, made more recently.

Mr. Ball is now engaged upon a bust of Prescott, working from his little head made soon after his death, aided by various photographs. It represents him at a more advanced age than Greenwood's, without the finical effeminacy that characterizes rather unpleasantly that production. It is for the historian's son-in-law, Mr. James Lawrence.

ART NOTES.

MR. DOYLE'S CARTOONS.—The *Cornhill Magazine* for the last year or two has offered from time to time a series of outlines by Mr. Doyle, called "Bird's-Eye Views of Society." These have recently been republished, and a reviewer in the *London Spectator*, justly regarding them as remarkable, gives a very readable and finely analytical article on them under the head of "Mr. Doyle's Cartoons." The following quotations give the writer's estimate of Mr. Doyle: "Mr. Doyle's eye is, perhaps, the most marvelous eye that ever fell to the lot of an artist. Its photographic power of fixing fleeting and undefinable expressions is so exquisite, so varied, so prodigious, as almost to border on the miraculous. . . . Every line of his drawings may, without exaggeration, be defined as the 'line of hatred.' There is a curious omniscience in that great eye which, out of the thousand-and-one types developed by a hot-house civilization, picks out with unerring certainty that indefinable moral distortion which not only makes the particular faces hateful and contemptible, but reflects contempt and hate on the age that blossomed into such creatures. Not a face but seems to say, 'This is our nineteenth century, this our Protestant country, this is the cynosure of the world, these are the amusements of rational beings, and we are quite unconscious of—we glory in—our shame.' The contempt is so great, and the hatred so quiet and cold, that each face is left to speak nearly as possible its own tale. There is no very violent caricaturing, no angry bestowal of grimaces. Each personality seems indescribably satisfied with its own existence. There is a sunny self-satisfaction over every cartoon, as if each person were trying for the nonce to be at his very best; as if the force of nature, art, and science could go no farther. And the result is disgusting. As Mr. Carlyle would say, 'Clothes, all clothes, tinsel inside and tinsel out, without a kernel left, but a worm in the worm-eaten nut. Now and then a pretty girl is allowed to escape in the utter obscurity of the absence of all meaning, as if to be absolutely nothing were the only possible chance of escape from being a little odious. But the cases are rare. Mr. Doyle seems, however, very fond of pretty

arms, and he has drawn more pretty arms than anything else. And we cannot think that this is quite accidental, or simply the result of a partiality. There is, unquestionably, something in beautiful arms which lends itself less to the grimace of fashion than even a beautiful face—something which, almost as much as anything in a woman, is the symbol of true womanhood. The 'lenta braccia' of the loving girl, the arms of the loving bride, the arms of a young mother circling her child, are all less susceptible of caricature. There is a silent voice in beautiful arms which unneres criticism, and, by the absence of any intellectual expressions belonging to the face, they seem to fold in their embrace that great nature which lies ever beyond the reach of parody."

WILLIAM DYCE AND WILLIAM HUNT.—The *Saturday Review*, which we take pleasure in quoting, as it offers its readers the ablest art articles of any paper in England, in its last issue has a paper in memoriam of the two English artists recently deceased whose names stand at the beginning of this paragraph. It remarks that the present year has been sadly fatal to English art in its principal branches. Whilst we were discovering or lamenting how much we lost in Thackeray, the best of our older sculptors was taken from us in Mr. Behnes. Within another fortnight the death of "Old William Hunt," as he was affectionately called, and of Mr. Dyce, the Academician, have made serious gaps in our school of water-color and of historical painting. "William Dyce, the son of a respectable physician, was born at Aberdeen, in 1806, and went through a complete academic course in Marischal College, receiving the degree of M.A. before he began his education in art within the schools of the Royal Scottish Academy. These circumstances shed light over Dyce's subsequent career. He was pre-eminently an educated artist; and although at first he wisely set his hand to portraiture, the basis of all sound historical art in all ages, yet it is probable that his father's position gave the son a certain independence, which before long enabled him to show the bent of his nature in his work. After two visits of considerable length to Italy, where he studied with diligence, Dyce, returning to Scotland, adopted at once a choice of subjects and of style by which no English artist had ever succeeded in making his livelihood. A 'Madonna and Child,' and a 'Bacchus Nursed by the Nymphs' were significant proofs that the young painter had already devoted himself to the scholastic or severe side of his art."

"Dyce appeared in the Academy Exhibition, then just moved to Trafalgar Square, in 1836; and henceforward, we believe, his life was mainly spent in England. Indeed, whilst a literary aim is throughout evident in his work as an artist, stamping him through life as the faithful *alumnus* of his celebrated college, his style retained no impress of the modes of art-fashion within his native country."

Briefly, Dyce in the early part of his career was influenced by the historical painters of France, and the more learned school of Germany.

Later in life "he threw himself into the school of minute realization." But it is said the pictures thus executed did not reach the force or completeness of effect exhibited by earlier works.

"In estimating Dyce's place as an artist we must not pass over his other rare accomplishments—rare in painters as a class, and altogether unprecedented in an English painter. He was a profound and learned musician, and not only in the history but in the practice of vocal music he displayed much learning and industry."

He is perhaps the only painter of modern times who was familiar with Thomas Aquinas and the whole range of patristic as well as of classical literature. He was in the habit of contributing occasionally learned articles to the theological periodicals of the Church, and in his Bampton Lectures Dr. Hessey acknowledges his obligations to Dyce for assistance on a very difficult and obscure point of theological history. His vigorous and acute pamphlet, 'Shepherds and Sheep,' in reply to Mr. Ruskin's crude views of Church polity under the fantastic name of 'The Construction of Sheepfolds,' will not be forgotten; and when we add that his earliest success at College was a prize essay on Electricity, it will be owned that, as it has not been given to many a man to be at once a man of science and a painter, a scholar, a musician, a theologian, a critic, and a good writer, so it has been reserved for Dyce to have been all these, and to have been a proficient in every accomplishment that he cultivated."

WILLIAM HUNT.—In the article from which we quote the remarks on Dyce we find the following admirable notice of Hunt, the celebrated painter of fruit, flowers, and subjects from rustic nature: "Hunt may be said to have united in a very rare degree the two great elements of painting. His absolute command of drawing (within a certain range of subject) enabled him to lay on color with certainty of effect. His natural instinct for color enabled him to give the fullest expression to the subtleties of the natural form which he had so completely mastered. A peculiar refinement of feeling and sense of poetical nature led him, lastly, to give his subjects, whether in their idea or in their execution, a grace, we might almost say an elevation, in which he stands alone."

If we might attempt to characterize his genius in one phrase, we would say that William Hunt has been unsurpassed amongst our artists in one of the noblest functions of art—that of exalting lowliness and giving a greatness to little things."

BOSTON ART NOTES.

F. D. WILLIAMS, whose "Harvest Afternoon" we mentioned some three or four weeks ago, is an artist who seems never to paint a pretty landscape merely because it is so pretty—because such and such points are picturesque or harmonious or grand or beautiful; but when he finds a bit of nature, all the features of which unite in one happy expression, to put it on canvas, not so much to copy the beauties of material in his subject as to preserve the spirit to which those materials were in willing bondage.

Three very good pictures of his we see this week in different art-stores here. One called "Sunrise," while it gives with remarkable fidelity the dull appearance of the sun's face at a very early hour of a September (we suppose) day, and the very exactness of the rays which, outlined by the heavy vapor, fork out like tongues, licking up thirstily all the drink night has left in bowls of grass and glasses of foliage, also paints the idea, the poetry of the scene: the drowsiness, the heaviness of night yet hanging to everything, and the lustiness of day overcoming it; a cottage homestead beginning to look warm and hospitable; the mist weakening; the foliage and grasses lifting themselves up, while the sun shows its ruddy countenance through a gothic window of embracing elms. The two other pictures are "Twilight" and "Evening." We are not sure that those are the titles given to them, but those are the spirits dwelling in the landscapes. They are both better than the one described, but we have not time to speak of them in detail. "Twilight" has soft, quiet, crayon coloring, and just such treatment from the artist as a sympathizing imagination would delight in; such little details as a white bird starting in haste from a dark waterpool for his night's roost, and a few drift-

like flecks of scarlet that seem fading in the gray slatiness about them even as we gaze. "Evening" is the scarlet behind a little hamlet—the forms of the distant houses and spires so dark, a few big trees magnified and distorted, and the brilliancy sometimes thrown in patches on the tops and backs of some vegetation in the foreground. Williams must be a hard student and devoted lover of his profession. We do not speak of his pictures as evincing anything more than fair talent, much feeling, excellent taste, good coloring, and faithfulness; but we speak of them with the assured hope that their author's power is of a style which, when full grown, will insure real excellence.

We have not seen many paintings of Gay's. Those we have seen we thought very good, particularly his beeches; but some excellent judges say far more than we yet think—they say "Mr. Gay has no superior in this country as a landscape painter." Foxcroft Cole has but few paintings in the salesrooms; so few that a delightful taste we got of his pure, warm style at the Exhibition in Studio Buildings four weeks ago, finds but little now to satisfy it. There is a "Normandy Hamlet" of his in Sowle's gallery, but it hangs in such a bad light that one can only see its gilt frame to advantage. He paints in the French school, but with much originality of his own. The poplar is evidently his favorite tree. The landscape-gardener and the painter have always used it with fear—as a good weapon if very carefully handled; but we think, as Cole so prettily proves, that, put it alone and even prominent in a foreground, or clumped with others in a side shade, or standing sentry-like over a cluster of low cottages, or however you place it, it can be made most picturesque on canvas as well as in nature. Williams & Everett's we heard called "Dana's Gallery" the other day, Mr. Dana having twenty or thirty pictures on W. & E.'s walls. His brush is a prolific one, so is the fancy urging the brush. His subjects are so many and diverse—so quaint, so sentimental. The misfortune is that they have somehow the manner of aiming more for present momentary effect than enduring fame, but his subjects are interesting and attractive. His pictures and the accomplishments of Wm. Hunt in the same line hang side by side in agreeable harmony. Perhaps the works of the latter have a little more "snap" than those of the former. To us it seems as if such good talent was wasting itself spread over so many little spots. With love and purpose concentrated on one art-object, with thoughtlessness of immediate popularity or quick sale, with care, study, time, and faithfulness enlisted in one great work, what might not either of those artists accomplish?

We would not forget paintings of two New York artists on exhibition at Sowle's—Wurst's "White Mountains" and Colman's "Gibraltar." Surely they are both works of superior excellence. Distance, expanse, and the atmosphere of distance we have seldom seen better managed than in Wurst's large picture; some prominent pines and cedars admirably done in the foreground give excellent character to such a bold landscape.

Colman's Gibraltar is a gem. What could be better than the cloudy transparency of smoke from the steamer, or the life and motion of the water? And what a delightful piece of coloring the entire picture is! We think it was marked "sold," and covet the purchaser's prize.

Ames is about undertaking a great work; one we think destined to splendidly illustrate his great powers in coloring. We have been permitted to see the study, which is painted, that is the prominent figure, from life. It is "Venus" awakening on her shell-couch on the sea—awakening as the rosy dawn peeps over the horizon—raising her beautiful head on one arm, and gazing with an expression of voluptuous transport at the young day, while she puts back with wonderful grace her lovely locks. A cupid rises above the dawn, heralding the queen he serves; another humorously steers her pearl boat with an oar, and two sit on the bow, dabbling their feet in the sea, and blowing on the conches. What a scope for brilliancy of color; the effulgence of dawn; the deep blue waves tipped with it; the loveliness of flesh in such a reflection; the pearl colors in the shell; the golden auburn shower of hair! The figure, though in the perfection of graceful attitude, is yet perfectly modest and decorous.

LITERARY NOTES.

AMERICAN.

A FEW days since we received a note from a publishing house, which, omitting the signature, we give below:

March 4, 1864.

EDITORS ROUND TABLE:

GENTS:—Observing your enterprise in literary announcements, we take the liberty to hand you the inclosed for such use as you may see fit. We shall advertise the book thoroughly in your columns when ready.

Yours truly,

Stripped of names mentioned, "the inclosed" reads as follows:

—have in press a new work by —, entitled —. The author's treatment of the question is at once novel and original. The work is the result of a score of years' thought and experience, and will challenge the attention of thinkers by its ability, vigor, and scope.

We beg to inform this house that we do not insert such notices as this, notwithstanding it is accompanied by the promise to "advertise thoroughly." Of course, advertising is always welcome, but we wish it understood once for all, that all our obligations to the advertiser are canceled the moment we print his advertisement, and all his obligations to us are canceled the moment he pays his bill. We notice new publications solely with reference to their merits, and that after carefully reading them; and should we notice the work referred to, we shall not only read it (it is now in press, we are informed), but shall express our opinion of it in our own language.

About the time of the opening of the great Metropolitan Fair, which in some respects is a comment upon our institutions, we shall probably have another and different sort of comment, or rather a number of them, collected by Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, in his forthcoming volume, "America and her Commentators," including a Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States." The ignorance manifested both abroad and at home in regard to the United States during the present war, shows the need of a readable and reliable book about the country—a work which shall give a general idea of its development, condition, past history, and present circumstances. Mr. Tuckerman's volume points out the best sources of authentic information, and by giving the views of writers at different epochs and of different nationalities, presents a varied and vivid picture of North America as she was and is.

A biographical interest is attached to his sketches of the most prominent of these writers, and a critical interest to his analyses of their opinions. The marked and persistent injustice of the English, for instance, its scope, motive, and record, are brought into strong relief by contrasting them with the more just and generous comments of Continental writers. Beginning with the early Explorers and French Missionaries, Mr. Tuckerman discusses the memorials of their sojourn in America left by the officers of Rochambeau's army. He then devotes a chapter to the later French writers, giving special consideration, of course, to the great work of De Tocqueville. The merits of early English writers on America—Bishop Berkley, Mrs. Grant, etc.—are fully exhibited, after which we have a *catalogue raisonné* of the large number of subsequent English critics of our people and prospects, from the abusive Ashe to the superficial Captain Hall, from Tom Moore to Hamilton, and from Harriett Martineau to Anthony Trollope. The Northern European and the Italian travelers are then described and analyzed, as are also some of our native tourists, whose literary and personal qualities are considered at length. In the course of the work, extracts, many of which will be new to the general reader, are given from the least familiar volumes reviewed, while a running commentary will enable him to keep in mind our past history, and the relation it bears to the great struggle in which we are at present engaged. Such, we learn, is the scope and purpose of Mr. Tuckerman's volume, much of which will doubtless be as provoking to the sensitive as laughable to the sensible. We hope to live to see the day when the Americans as a people will think less of, and care nothing for, what is said and thought about America by Europeans. They have their ways and we have ours, and—*Chacun a son gout*.

The soul, the mind, the judgment, or whatever it is that sees and feels the excellences and defects of works of art, is often curiously affected by the forms in which it beholds them. Take the most abstract of the mind's creations—a poem, a novel, an essay—there is no reason, one would think, why it should not produce as perfect an effect in bad type, on dingy paper, and in a flimsy binding, as in the marvels of typography which Pickering used to issue, and Bedford and Riviere bind. The thought of the writer, we may argue, ought to reach the mind of the reader without any reference to extraneous surroundings, and would, perhaps, were the medium by which it is conveyed other than the Eye, which has a will of its own, so to speak, stopping the spiritual traveler at its gate long enough to scan his garb, and to cast unpleasant reflections upon it, should it happen to be displeasing, and to prejudice the mind against him. It may be unhandsome in the Eye, and its next-door neighbor, the Taste, to intervene, as they do, between the guest and his expectant host, but the fact is not changed by that circumstance. We cannot overcome the impression which books of a certain sort create, and which frequently blinds us to their contents, miserable type making Milton, say, dull, bad paper rendering Byron abominable, and double columns distracting us from the glory and greatness of Shakespeare. "A rivulet of text in a meadow of margin" is as deceptive the other way, turning melodious drivel into divine verse, and the platitudes of writers like "The Country Parson" into utterances of Orphic wisdom.

There is a marked difference between the issues of the English and American press, and the difference, of course, is not in our favor. Something of this is undoubtedly owing to the high prices which the English are willing to pay for their books, and which, in many instances, would astound an ordinary American book-buyer; but more, we are inclined to think, to the thoroughness of their workmen, and the excellence of the materials they work with. An English mechanic is years in learning his trade; an American often learns his in as many months. We have the fault, too, of making trades of some employments which should be regarded in the light of professions. A professional spirit prevails among the best London printers, or, what amounts to the same thing as far as the making of books goes, among the best London publishers, which has had no existence in this country until very lately, and which even now is confined to a few houses in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. To specify these would perhaps be deemed invidious, and indeed is unnecessary, since those who will have good books and no others, already know where and how to obtain them. They know also who has done his share toward perfecting the profession by which alone the best books are possible—Mr. Henry O. Houghton. We know nothing of this gentleman, except that he has an establishment at Cambridge, Mass., "The Riverside Press," which has "set up" and printed some of the most beautiful books yet issued in America (books which would reflect credit on any English printer), and that he is about to open a publishing house in New York, in connection with Mr. Melancthon M. Hurd, who retires for that purpose from the firm of Messrs. Sheldon & Co. The name of the new firm will be "Hurd & Houghton," and, if we can predict anything of its future from the character of the publications on its list, it will be a brilliant one. These publications come under the head of Standard Works—"books which no gentleman's library should be without," as they used to say of Hume, Robertson, etc., in the last century, or, in the happy phrase of *Elia*, "books which are books." Such, for instance, as the Works of Lord Bacon—an edition, by the way, which its English editor acknowledges to be superior to the best London one; the three great historical works of Hallam, i.e., his "Constitutional History," his "Middle Ages," and his "Literature of Europe;" the Works of dear Charles Lamb; the Essays of old Montaigne and growing Carlyle; that omnium gatherum of years of miscellaneous reading, "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy;" D'Israeli's entertaining but not always accurate gossip, "The Curiosities of Literature;" Walton's Lives of Donne, Hooker, and the rest of that band of noble worthies; Pascal's "Thoughts;" and "Provincial Letters;" Madame De Staël's "Germany;" Voltaire's "Charles XII.;" Fenelon's "Telemaachus;" and, better still for the world of general readers, the beautiful "Household Edition" of the Works of Charles Dickens, which surpasses any edition ever issued in England. Books like these, published as these are and will be, ought to insure success to the house which publishes them. If they do not, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton must endeavor to console themselves with the lines which Addison puts into the mouth of one of his heroes:

"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just published Mr. Theodore Taylor's "Thackeray, the Humorist and the Man of Letters." It is a handsome twelvemo of 242 pages, illustrated with a wood-cut portrait of Mr. Thackeray, from a recent photograph by Ernest Edwards, B.A., a view of his residence in Kensington Palace Gardens, a couple of little sketches from his pen, or pencil, a facsimile of his handwriting in the shape of his Epitaph on George IV., and a humorous etching by Jackman of one of Cruikshank's sketches, the fitness of which we do not see. The interest of Mr. Taylor's volume depends entirely on the stand-point from which it is viewed; as a biography of the great novelist it is worthless; as a hasty compilation, embracing the chief facts of his life, it is not without value, especially to those who are not familiar with the Thackerayans of the day. The readers of the *ROUND TABLE* will not find much that is new in it, both Mr. Taylor and ourselves drawing our knowledge of the subject from a common source—the

English press. It is such a compilation as a literary man could easily make in a couple of weeks, taking his facts from the newspaper notices of Mr. Thackeray's life and death, and filling in what was lacking therein, by a little reading of old magazines, and by occasional references to his works. Mr. Taylor's researches have not been profound, being confined, for the most part, to old volumes of *Fraser's Magazine*. He is not very fortunate in tracing Mr. Thackeray's early career therein—a period of two years and ten months elapsing between the appearance of the former in Macleise's picture of the *Fraserians* and Mr. Taylor's recognition of his hand in the magazine. He makes a mistake, too, when he mentions Schiller's court-sword as hanging in Mr. Thackeray's study "to the day of his death," when it was given by him to Mr. Bayard Taylor several years ago, and is now at Mr. Taylor's residence, in Cedarcroft, Pennsylvania. As we said before, the value of the book depends on the reader's knowledge of what has already appeared in the newspapers on the same subject. If he is ignorant of the prominent facts of Mr. Thackeray's life, the date of his publications, etc., it will entertain him; if he is familiar therewith, it will disappoint him, as we must confess it has ourselves. Besides what Mr. Taylor has written, the Messrs. Appleton give us the papers of Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Anthony Trollope, in the February number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. They should have added, we think, the article of Mr. Sala from the *Albion*, and Mr. Bayard Taylor's paper in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Messrs. A. J. Davis & Co., of this city, will shortly publish a new work, by Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, entitled "Woman and her Era;" it will comprise two volumes.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, March, 1864.

I BARELY referred in my last to the efforts now making by two of our prominent houses to restore to more popular favor many of the older English prose-writers. The credit of this attempt lies wholly with Boston, I think, both now and in the past. In 1831 the late Rev. Dr. Young issued a specimen volume, with the imprint of the predecessors of the present firm of Little, Brown & Co., and this volume, which was the "Holy and Profane State," of Thomas Fuller, which has just now been reprinted by their successors, was the forerunner of a series that extended to nine volumes, taking in Feltham, Selden, Taylor, Latimer, and some other of the old divines, together with Bacon, Thomas More, etc. The editions were small, not greatly exceeding five hundred, though perhaps reaching a thousand, and have long been out of print. Dr. Young was a ripe scholar, and showed critical skill in the collection and preparation of the text. This impulse to do justice with posterity to the rich and suggestive prose of a period that we are more prone to judge of by its Shakespeare and Milton in their dramatic and epic styles, accorded with a sentiment that was already in the ascendant in England under the lead of minds like Coleridge. During the previous century the prose of the one still antecedent was chiefly valued in its chronicles and records of fact. Stowe, Hakluyt, and Purchas were often quoted than Sir Thomas Browne or Bacon, and the histories of Clarendon and May were widely known among a people whose antiquaries alone knew of Fuller's "Church History." It was not till near the end of his century that Milton's prose was collected (1698), and there were but two editions of it during the last, namely, in 1738 and in 1753. With the present century a new feeling came, and we have been schooled by the editors he has found and the reviewers who have guided the popular appreciation, to entertain popularly a higher regard for his strong majestic prose than the frequency of our reading it, perhaps, would have effected. There had not been an edition of his prose for over fifty years when that of 1806 was issued in London. It may be taken as symptomatic of a popular regard that George Burnett three years afterward made a selection of the complete prose. When Fletcher issued his edition of the poems in 1833 he subjoined under his editorship likewise the prose, and Mitford did the same in 1853. Mr. Bohn deserves the credit of doing more to popularize it than any others, by adding five volumes of it to his standard library in 1848. It would be hard for an American publisher to compete with this compact and cheap series in giving us Milton's prose complete, even at the present rates of exchange; and Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have done the next best thing in undertaking a selection, or, "Treasures from the Prose of John Milton," as it will be called, which has been made under the hand of Mr. Fields himself, who likewise gives to it an original introduction. In form it will correspond to Sir Thomas Browne's works, and the "Good Thoughts in Bad Times" of Fuller, which they have already issued—the first three years ago, and the other last year. It is Mr. Fields's intention to go on hereafter with the series, until this library of the old English prose writers becomes of consequence from its extent as well as merit. The page and margin are somewhat larger than the style Pickering adopted in his issues, while Little, Brown & Co.'s present editions are more nearly like the London imprints.

The two volumes which L. B. & Co. have already issued are the "Selections from Jeremy Taylor," which I spoke of some weeks ago, and the "Holy and Profane State," of Thomas Fuller, two neat, easily-handled and well-printed volumes. The divines formed some exception, though not a marked one, to the neglect of the prose of the seventeenth century by the eighteenth. Fuller's "Holy Warre" for instance, which went at first through six editions in twice that number of years, remained unprinted after that for nearly two hundred years, not finding a publisher to venture it till 1840. Pickering did not undertake his "Holy and Profane State" till after Dr. Young had issued it in Boston. There was not an issue of his three works arising out of the troubles of the Commonwealth era during the last century, and not till 1810 did the "Good Thoughts, etc.," find a publisher. In 1830 an edition comprising this, together with his "Good Thoughts in Worse Times" and "Mixed Contemplations in Better Times," was printed, and in 1841 both series of "Good Thoughts." These were the last editions when Ticknor & Fields began with the first of the number in 1863, as a production eminently fitting the days we have fallen upon; and it is only to be hoped they may not have to keep their press waiting long to make a reprint of the last of the series, as apposite to the hour as the former was.

The history of Fuller's fame makes just the same disclosures in regard to the most popularly read of his books as with those we have instanced. For a hundred and fifty years, verging each way beyond the limits of the last century, there was not a single edition of his "Church History," nor of his "Worthies of England," and yet both books, to minds that can divest themselves of prejudice

against innovation upon established routines of history and biography, are rich in qualities that repay perusal. With the exception of Bacon, no one of the prose writers of that century has made such an impression upon the memories that treasure up the waifs of wisdom as Fuller. This will be seen by the gauge that Mr. Bartlett applies in his "Familiar Quotations," and I may say in passing that Mr. Bartlett contemplated a revival of this old literature several years ago, under the editing of Lowell, and would have undertaken it but for untoward circumstances. He is now to accomplish his original hopes by directing the reissues of Little, Brown & Co.

It was Fuller who said "that learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost," and this might seem a warning applicable to the present reissues with those who have not weighed exactly the public's willingness to buy such; and I am pleased to learn that the recent ventures of this time-mellowed sort are finding a favor that justifies the publishers and makes them ready to increase the catalogue. I could only suggest that they are volumes that particularly need a good index, and much of their value is lost by their absence. They would be oftener quoted could one find what is wanted without a search, and quotation does a great deal to popularize a work.

Fuller is interesting to the student of literature as being one of the earliest to free the usual style of prose from those constraints of unassimilated Latin and the clumsy though pregnant turns of thought that were most in vogue before him. Raleigh, Bacon, and Burton, guided by a sense of chasteness not common with their peers, produced what is least irreconcilable with modern notions of good writing, perhaps, but Fuller's discursiveness and gossiping prolixity gave ease and pliancy that contrast favorably with the more affected Sir Thomas Browne. To the manner of setting forth, Fuller gave much of intrinsic worth. Coleridge has done most for making converts to his praise by placing him beside Shakespeare for exciting a sense of the marvelous, and pronouncing him the most sensible and least prejudiced great man of his age. He was such an enthusiast that he claimed that one out of every three of Fuller's sentences deserve quoting. Lamb, in making some excerpts from him at a time when the public had hardly any means of knowing what he was except by searching for him on the dusty shelves of the public libraries, spoke of his eager liveliness and running commentary in telling a story as something almost unequalled; and when the public got editions of their own, they ceased to wonder at Lamb's praise of the unknown writer, for they found in him much that was too like Lamb himself not to have pleased him.

Wise, witty, learned, is the order of importance in Fuller's merits, as Coleridge arrayed them. There is so much of book-lore wedged in between the measures of his argument, and so much of facetious quaintness and toothsome conceit, such a keen sense of the ludicrous, with some tendency to a rollicking jocularity, that the casual reader will not recognize the wisdom amid it that the modern critic has found so conspicuous. It was these lesser qualities, doubtless, that made him the popular preacher he was when lecturing at the Savoy, so that the throngs filled the outer avenues and the windows to catch his words. But he kept to his own counsel, "Make not jests so long till thou becomest one," and was not so led away by the easy practice of so fertile a mind to cater to the ephemeral tastes of the hour, but he could make the fabric of his discourse of that quality which endureth longer than a jest. He was naturally of a moderate temperament, and never vented upon another those sarcastic powers that he preferred to keep in *terrorem* rather than to display. He tried the habits of a pacificator between the parliament and the king, and displeased both sides naturally, as impartial arbitrators are always in danger of doing. But they can abide their time.

If we run down the list of these old prose writers, we shall find that nearly every one of them suffered in their fame correspondingly. Sir Thomas Browne's works had not been printed for a century and a half when the edition of 1836 appeared, although the "Religio Medici" and "Urn-burial" had each an edition in the early half of the last century. Bacon fared better, there being five different issues of his works during that century; yet of his essays, though there had been from fifteen to twenty imprints up to that period, there were but two during it, and they respectively early and very late in it. Raleigh's works passed through a single edition, and the same fortune befell his "History of the World" in that time; but it is well known that "The Anatomy of Melancholy" could not find a publisher. The disclosure by Boswell that Johnson said it was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours before his custom, and the discovery of Sterne's pilferings from it, together with Byron's rather deceitful praise, has given an impulse to sales of it in this century that its own attractions could not, assuredly, unassisted have pushed so far. For the century, nearly from 1709 to 1806, Feltham's "Resolves" were without notice, and there had been two editions since the last date before Dr. Young added it to his series. Selden's "Table Talk" was more fortunate. There were three issues during the century, but it may well be considered that its Boswellian character put it upon a favorable footing. The works of Sir Philip Sidney had two editions in this time; but so well known a work as the "Arcadia," which had been in some fifteen reprints up to the century, was not once reissued during it. The story of a copy of this book, preserved at Wilton House, is a comment on this neglect. It was left for a governor in its household, some years since, to go into the library, where Sidney had perhaps conjured the visions of his romance, and to take from the shelf an antiquated volume to find it that self-same volume. Opening it, she discovered between the leaves, folded in paper, some of Queen Elizabeth's hair, the envelope attesting the genuineness and inscribed in Sir Philip's well-known hand. And so the descendants of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," for two centuries, with all their guests, whose curiosity had been raised by the associations of that mansion, had never known of that treasure, and perforce had never felt that interest in the one book whose name is connected with Wilton to con its pages.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. issue this week the drama upon Arnold's treason, to which I referred a few weeks ago. Mr. Calvert, the author, states he wrote it some years since, and one of the scenes was printed in 1840. He deems the present "a favorable time for the publication of a work which embodies the first American treason, now that our national life has been and continues to be assailed by the most gigantic and most wicked treason known to history." I think the piece bears evidence of Mr. Calvert's acquaintance with Schiller—whose plays he has long ago translated—for some of the scenes, though having nothing of parallelism of thought or action with the William Tell of the German dramatist, constantly remind one of it. The author sets forth in his preface what he conceives to be the scope of the historical drama, which is "to give to important conjunctures and to the individuals that rule them a more vivid embodiment than can be given in the literal page of history." Of his particular theme he thinks that the momentous consequences involved in success or failure, the exciting and special nature of the incidents and accompaniments, the individualities of the two chief agents, with the figure and character of Washington looming in the background almost like a controlling destiny, give to the treason of Arnold rare capabilities as an æsthetic subject; while he contends that the want of action is largely compensated for by the contrast between the natures of Arnold and André. He professes to adhere to historic truth in his characterizations, and scorns falsifying

history in order to compass dramatic ends, except in the dramatist's right of "feigning according to nature." The result is a three-act drama of some eighty pages, rigid rather in outline, marking without much adornment the development of that plot, and ill suited professedly for histrionic accompaniment. Mr. Calvert knew how critically a great nation would judge any dramatic delineation of Washington, and he gives him to us only as reflected in the respect and opinions of others. He appears to sight simply in the first scene as passing before the gaze of an "old man" and his "grandson," who represent the present and future admiration of his nation. "Take that look into thy heart, my boy; human eyes will never see a greater." Again he appears in the last scene of all, "thus infolding, as it were, the whole action in his vast paternal arms," while amid his officers he takes his pen and puts it to the death sentence of André. He then rises, gives the paper to a general, and, bowing to the circle, receives their deferential salutations, and passes from the play without having spoken a word. And this is all the catastrophe the drama has; and the author has rather relied upon the patriotic instincts for its effects than upon the passions of his scene. The characters, for the most part, are clearly cut and unambiguously displayed, affording little of the subtlety that might please an actor, while the portrayal has evidently been prepared in the alchemy of a scholarly mind.

E. P. Dutton & Co. bring out the first of April a new edition, illustrated by Darley, of Rev. Robert Lowell's "New Priest in Conception Bay," a book that has acquired praise heretofore. They have also just issued a compilation well judged of by the title, "Choice Consolation for the Suffering Children of God," a selection of passages in verse and prose from Leighton, Romaine, Cecil, Newton, and others, and approved of by the bishop of this diocese. The compiler is a lady, long an invalid, who proposes to devote the profits of the book to relieving the sick and destitute. Her selections, as affording comfort in her own case, have accordingly the merit of passing an actual test.

It is understood that Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. acknowledge the justice of the strictures upon their recent edition of Keats, which appeared in these columns last week, and will at once proceed to make the volume everything it should be in that respect. The omission of some of the poems found in Milnes was from a misunderstanding between the publishers and Prof. Lowell. In revising their series of poets they mean that perfectness shall be a prominent merit. Having now included the greater poets in their list, they are about making arrangements to add some of the lesser ones. The earliest volume intended will embrace Johnson and Addison. They have also in preparation a four volume edition of the Arabian Nights. It will embrace Lane's version, and a supplementary volume of some of the stories not included in his collection. Mr. Grant White has promised them that his first volume of Shakespeare's works will be ready in April. Mr. White certainly owes it to his subscribers that the completion of his edition, promised to be reached in 1858, should be accomplished at the earliest possible moment.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1864.

LIPPINCOTT & Co. have published the "History of the Consulate and the Empire," by M. Adolphe Thiers, in five large volumes, consisting of more than 3,000 closely printed pages. The first four volumes were published some years ago, but the fifth and concluding volume, containing an account of Napoleon at Elba, his subsequent career and death, is a later addition. The work was completed about two years ago, and published in France and England in twenty octavo volumes, at an enormous price, all of which are included in the five volumes of the Philadelphia edition. It seems to have been the plan of the author to have closed his work earlier, for in 1855, at about the completion of the fifteenth or sixteenth volume, he issued the following advertisement, which is very interesting, considering that the work has no preface or introduction, both as showing the zeal with which he labored, and the high estimation in which he held the duties of a historian:

"I have now completed, after fifteen years of assiduous labor, the History of the Consulate and Empire, which I began in 1840. Not one of these fifteen years, excepting that during which political events required me to be absent from France, have I allowed to escape without having devoted my whole time to the difficult task I had undertaken. It is possible, I acknowledge, to work with greater rapidity; but my respect for the office of historian is such that the fear of hazarding an inaccurate assertion exposes me to the most serious perplexity. I have then no rest until I have discovered the proof of the doubted fact, if such exist, or have attained the conviction that no such proof is to be found. . . . Under the influence of such scruples, I have read repeatedly, and have with my own hand made an inventory of the innumerable papers contained in the archives of the state; 30,000 letters composing the personal correspondence of Napoleon; the letters no less numerous of his ministers, generals, aides-de-camp, and even police-agents, and finally the greater part of the manuscript memoirs retained in the bosom of private families."

Subsequent events, however, appear to have favored his extending the work, which he did to twenty volumes. Every subject entered upon is discussed with great minuteness of detail; and an account of Napoleon is given, midway between Scott's and Abbott's, in as impartial a manner as it is possible for any Frenchman to write. The sketch of the battle of Waterloo compares in interest with that of Victor Hugo, and surpasses it in precision and accuracy of topographical description. The volumes close with a clear analysis of Napoleon's character, a balancing of the good and evil brought upon France by his wisdom and madness, and a warning for the present time. The work has been introduced into the school for the command of colored regiments, as a text-book containing very superior accounts of the battles of that period.

It would be very interesting to examine into the causes of the success of certain books. Among many efficient means of increasing circulation, no one is probably of more importance than that of unfavorable notices from critical journals. All remember the storm of abuse and charges of plagiarism that greeted Longfellow's "Hiawatha," thereby bringing it so prominently before the public as to give it a sale entirely disproportionate to its merits. The charges of heresy so freely made by the religious press against Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing" interested nearly every reader in the question, and gave the book a very extensive circulation. The cry raised as to the morality of "Hot Corn" sold thousands of copies of it; the articles concerning Morford's "Shoddy" have increased its sale and added to its author's self-

complacency; the "Life of Jesus" grows more powerful the more the French priests stamp it under foot, and the more severe their ostracism of Renan; Colenso, with the aid of the British press, turns pitiful trash into a fortune; and hundreds of other authors build reputations upon the learned attacks of opposing journals. Probably no issue of the present season has been so vehemently assailed, critically noticed, and ably reviewed, as Mr. Alger's recent work. Commencing with the *Congregationalist's* "Prodigious!" and running the gantlet of nearly all the religious press, noticed in monthlies and most of the daily papers, it has achieved a sale entirely unexpected by its friends, considering it as a purely learned and scholarly production. So great has been the call for it, with the demand continually increasing, that the publisher has not yet been able to insert the emendations spoken of some weeks ago, which will make the work much more presentable to orthodox readers, or to supply the trade with the copies desired.

Lippincott & Co. have just published the first volume of a "Treatise on the Law of Dower," by Mr. Charles H. Scribner. The second and concluding volume is in preparation. The work seems to be an effort to supply a deficiency in American legal literature, as the author, in his introduction, says that "among all the legal publications issued from the press no elementary work has heretofore appeared professing to treat in an extended form upon the American Law of Dower." The original plan of the volumes, was an attempt to incorporate the American decisions, in the form of notes, with the English treatise of Mr. Park, but the subject grew so much under the hands of the editor as finally to demand an entirely distinct and separate work.

C. Sherman, Son & Co., of the Caxton Press, have been doing some work lately that vies with anything that has been accomplished in America. One of the finest specimens of book-making I have ever seen is a copy of the Bible, from this press, gotten up by E. H. Butler & Co. Whether it is considered in the beauty of its typographical execution, or in the strength and flexibility of its binding, done also in this city, as a Bible for pulpit use, the center-table, or daily reference, it cannot be surpassed by any edition that has ever been published.

Willis P. Hazard has just published a complete edition of Milton's Works in four volumes, imperial octavo, on large paper. The two volumes of prose are printed by C. Sherman, Son & Co., of this city; the remaining volumes, containing the poetical works, by Houghton, of the Riverside Press. This edition, consisting of a very limited number of copies, cannot fail to meet with a good reception.

Peterson Bros. have issued the "Life and Public Services of General Butler," another one of their cheap lives of the Union generals.

FOREIGN.

A curious and interesting addition to the Shakespeare Literature is a little volume just published in England, entitled "Shakespeare and Jonson. Dramatic versus Wit Combats. Auxiliary Forces: Beaumont and Fletcher, Marston, Decker, Chapman, and Webster." Without going into the details of the book, which are made up of what may be considered the Dramatic Gossip of the Age of Elizabeth, its object may be briefly stated to be a re-examination of the old charge of rivalry between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. This charge, which was considered as proven in the last century, by Malone and others, was for a time set aside by the ingenious dogmatism of Gifford, the ablest as he certainly was the most partial of all Jonson's editors. Sticking at nothing that was likely to glorify his idol, Gifford almost made us believe that Shakespeare was in fault—admitting that there was any enmity between him and "rare Ben," which, of course, he denied. The writer of the present volume is not of Gifford's opinion, for he not only maintains that there was, at one time, a very decided enmity between them, but that they satirized each other, under feigned names, in their plays. That Jonson employed this questionable mode of warfare in his literary quarrels with Marston and Decker we all know, but that he brought it to bear against Shakespeare, has not been generally entertained. The plays in which this writer believes Shakespeare to have been satirized are "Every Man out of his Humor," "Cynthia's Revels," and "The Poetaster;" the characters meant for him, he thinks, are Fungoso, Asotus, and Ovid. Lily, the author of "Euphues," etc., figures as Puntarvolo and Amorphus; Marston, as Carlo Buffone, Heldon, and Crispinus; and Decker as Fastidious Brisk, Ananides, and Demetrius. The two latter dramatists, and their friends, retorted in "The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet," "The Satyromastix," and "The Return from Parnassus." Shakespeare's revenge was taken, it is argued, in "Timon of Athens"—Apemantus being his "Roland" for Jonson's "Oliver," Asotus—and in "Troilus and Cressida," the Thersites of which is unquestionably his ribald assailant. That this or some such punishment was inflicted by him upon Ben is evident from a speech which Kemp makes to Burbage in "The Return from Parnassus": "O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow: he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill; but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit." Be all this, however, as it may, one thing is certain, that if the two great poets were foolish enough to fall out, they were wise enough to make up again; and we dare say they were all the better friends for it, each having tested the other's mettle. "It's astonishing," says old Colonel Damas, "how much better I like a man after I've fought with him." That Jonson was, in the main, friendly to Shakespeare—that he appreciated him and revered his memory "this side of idolatry," is clear, or ought to be, from the magnificent panegyric which he wrote upon him after his death, and which is scarcely likely to be excelled by any and all of the numerous poems which may celebrate his three hundredth birthday in the Old and New Worlds.

"It is not for a day, but for all time."

The *Athenaeum*, which is not given to praising American authors, has a kindly word for Dr. Holmes, in connection with his recent volume, "Soundings from the Atlantic." "No English readers," it says, "need be told that Dr. Holmes cannot be other than agreeable. His verses are charming in their geniality, having many excellent qualities besides. He has invention, and that of such peculiar national quality as proves him to be the countryman of Brocken Brown (too much forgotten) and Mr. Hawthorne. There has been nothing for years more original in fiction than the idea of 'Elsie Venner,' a novel which only failed of making as deep an impression as 'The Scarlet Letter' because of the tedious drolleries which were probably meant as relief. What a play could

have been made of the girl with so much of the serpent in her nature—for Rachel! The tale has a haunting fascination, in spite of its grave defects. Want of proportion, then, may be alleged as the reason why Dr. Holmes fails to take rank among first-class authors. It is as apparent in this volume as in every other of his prose works. And yet this volume is, we repeat, a pleasant one, and, moreover, individual. There is a spirit in many of its pages, which distinguishes it from almost every other book we recollect."

A new Scottish poet, and one of considerable promise, has lately appeared, in the person of Mr. John Campbell Shairp. His volume, which is entitled "Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral," is a pean in behalf of his native land, the magnificence of whose scenery, and the simple, natural life of whose dwellers, are the source of his inspiration. We gave a taste of his quality a few weeks since. We give another to-day in a couple of songs:

THE SHEALING SONG.

"When the cry of the cuckoo is heard from the craig,
Then the milk on the kye will be dowing,
And we'll leave low Glen Spean, and up to Loch Treig
And his bonny green sheallings be going.

"On the birch comes the leaf at the glad cuckoo cry,
And green braird to upland and hollow,
Comes bloom to the hillside, and warmth to the sky,
And to the still lochan the swallow.

"Then we'll gae and check ower wi' fresh heather and fern
The auld bottles a' simmer to be in,
Wi' our kinsfolk and neebors, by edge of the burn
That sings down the lone Corrie-vean.

"And we'll toll at the cheese and the butter sae fine,
By the hill-dew made fragrant and yellow,
While the bare-footed bairnies in pleasant sunshine
Will be putting the blaeberries mellow.

"O the bonny Craighnannach's ledges sae green!
It's the bonniest hill 't the Heilans,
As its green rocky shelves 't the sunset are seen,
Gleaming o'er the calm loch, frae the sheallings.

"And there, when the gloamin' fa's lonesome and lown,
Unseen the wild Stag will be belling,
While louder the voice from its dark hollow down
Of Ait-coirre-essan is swelling.

"Then Donald, from ranging by balloch and ben,
Where the mists and parramigan hover,
Comes driving the milking goats down to the pen,
Where Morag is waiting her lover.

"And they sing, as she milks, and, when milking is o'er,
Lang and late on the braeside they'll daunder,
And laith bid good-night at her ain bothy door,
Like day growing fonder and fonder.

"But lang ere the hairst with its yellowin' corn
Gae's us down to our hames by the river,
Will Donald and Morag the sure word have sworn
That makes their twa hearts aye for ever."

DESOLATION.

"By the wee birchen corries lie patches of green,
Where gardens and barched bairnies have been,
But the huts now are rickles of stones nattie-grown,
And the once human homes, e'en their names are unknown."

"But the names that this side the Atlantic have perished,
Mid far western forests still dearly are cherished,
There men talk of each spot, on the hills that surround
Their long vanished dwellings, as paradise ground."

"Not a pass in these hills, not a cairn, nor a corrie,
But lives by the log-fire in legend and story;
And darkly the cloud on their countenance gathers,
As they think on those desolate homes of their fathers."

"O hearts, to the hills of old memory true!
In the land of your love there are mourners for you,
As they wander by peopleless lochs and glen,
Where the red deer are feeding o'er homesteads of men."

"For the stillness they feel o'er the wilderness spread,
Is not Nature's own silence, but that of the dead;
E'en the lone piping plover and small corrie burn
Seem sighing for those that will never return."

Mr. Alfred Tennyson, and his friend, the late Arthur Henry Hallam, when they were at Cambridge together, wrote each a prize poem on the rather unpoetical theme, "Timbuctoo." The former gained the prize, but thought so little of it, or of the poem by which he gained it, that he has not included the latter in his Poetical Works. Mr. Hallam's poem may be found in the posthumous edition of his Remains, reprinted by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, at the close of the past year. It is not to call attention to these facts, however, that we pen this "Note," but to quote a poem which the late Mr. Thackeray wrote on this occasion—viz., in 1829, while he was at Cambridge, and editing, in conjunction with a fellow-student, "The Snob; a Literary and Scientific Journal." Here is his prize poem, which we take from Mr. Theodore Taylor's hasty sketch of his life and productions:

"TIMBUCTOO."

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'SNOB.'"

"Sir,—Though your name be 'Snob,' I trust you will not refuse this tiny 'Poem of a Gownsmen,' which was unluckily not finished on the day appointed for delivery of the several copies of verses on Timbuctoo. I thought, Sir, it would be a pity that such a poem should be lost to the world; and, conceiving the *Snob* to be the most widely-circulated periodical in Europe, I have taken the liberty of submitting it for insertion or approbation.

I am, Sir, yours, etc., etc., etc.

TIMBUCTOO.—PART I.

The situation.

In Africa (a quarter of the world),
Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curl'd,
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

The natural history.

There stalks the tiger, there the lion roars,
Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors;
All that he leaves of them the monster throws
To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows;
His hunger thus the forest monster gluts,
And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoanuts.

The lion hunt.

Quick issue out, with musket, torch, and brand,
The sturdy blackamoors, a dusky band!
The beast is found—pop goes the musketoon—
The lion falls covered with horrid wounds.

Their lives at home.

At home their lives in pleasure always flow,
But many have a different lot to know!

Abroad.

They're often caught, and sold as slaves, alas!

Reflections on the foregoing.

Thus men from highest joys to sorrow pass.
Yet, though thy monarchs and thy nobles bawl
Rack and molasses in Jamaica's isle,
Desolate Africa thou art lovely yet!
One heart yet beats which never shall forget.
What though thy maidens are a blackish brown,
Does virtue dwell in whiter breasts alone?
Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no!

It shall not, must not, cannot e'er be so.
The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel
Stern Africa's wrath, and writhes 'neath Africa's steel.
I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,
And sell their sugars on their own account;
While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum!"

A later number of the *Snob* introduces us to a descendant of Mrs. Malaprop, who pens the following epistle to its editor:

"*Radish Ground Buildings*.—DEAR SIR: I was surprised to see my name in Mr. Bull's paper, for I give you my word I have not written a syllabub to him since I came to reside here, that I might enjoy the satiety of the literary and learned world.

"I have the honor of knowing many extinguished persons. I am on terms of the greatest contumacy with the Court of Alderman, who first recommended your weekly dromedary to my notice, knowing that I myself was a great literati. When I am at home, I make Lavy read it to me, as I consider you the censure of the anniversary, and a great upholder of moral destruction.

"When I came here, I began reading *Mechanics* (written by that gentleman whose name you whistle). I thought it would be something like the *Mechanic's Magazine* which my poor dear Ram used to make me read to him, but I found them very foolish. What do I want to know about weights and measures and bull's eyes, when I have left off trading? I have, therefore, begun a course of ugly physics, which are very odd, and written by the Marquis of Spinningtoes.

"I think the Library of Trinity College is one of the most admirable objects here. I saw the books of several gentlemen whose statues I had seen at Room, and who all received their edification at that College. There was Aristocracy who wrote farces for the Olympic Theater, and Democracy who was a laughing philosophy.

"I forgot to mention that my son George Frederick is entered at St. John's, because I heard that they take most care of their morals at that College. I called on the tutor, who received myself and son very politely, and said he had no doubt my son would be a tripod, and he hoped perspired higher than Polly, which I did not like. I am going to give a ten at my house, when I shall be delighted to see yourself and children.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient and affectionate

"DOROTHEA JULIA RAMSBOTTOM."

While on this subject, we may mention that the March number of the *North British Review* contains an excellent paper on Thackeray, from the pen of Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, a warm-hearted but rather eccentric man, to whom the great novelist was much attached. It traces his literary career chronologically, and with considerable fullness, and contains, among other good things, the inimitable ballad of "Little Billee," which Mr. Thackeray was sometimes induced to sing when in the company of good fellows like himself. As we are sure his American admirers will thank us for quoting it, here it is:

"There were three sailors in Bristol city,
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captain's biscuit,
And pickled pork they loaded aye.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now very soon, they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
'I am extremely hungared.'

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
'We have no provisions, so we must eat we.'

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
'O, gorging Jim, what a fool you be!'

There's little Billee is young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.'

'O, Billee, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemise.'

When Billee received this information
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

'O, let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me.

'Make haste, make haste,' says guzzling Jacky,
While Jim pulled out his snickernee.

So Billee went up the main-top-gallant mast,
Where down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment,
When up he jumps, 'There's land, I see.

There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee.

There's the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Nelson, K.C.B.'

So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee.

But as for little Billee, he made him
The captain of a seventy-three."

Dr. Thomas L. Nichols, an ex-journalist, not unknown to the profession in New York, has recently published a couple of bulky volumes, which he entitles "Forty Years of American Life," and the first review of which that we have seen, begins in the following fashion: "As a general rule, it can scarcely be said that running away from a country makes a man the best kind of authority concerning it. A refugee, when he ventures in spirit upon the ground which he has found it convenient to quit in the flesh, is not likely to look about him very impartially. On the whole, we should prefer to accept the opinion of a prosaic person who had kept on good terms with his native land, and had lived under the laws and in the society which he professed to describe. A countryman of the gentleman whose book is before us wrote some agreeable sketches called 'People I have Met.' They could scarcely have been so trustworthy had they been devoted to 'People I have Cut.'"

This rule, the critic tells us, does not apply to Dr. Nichols (why should he have mentioned it then?), whom he proceeds to criticize as leniently as he can, failing, however, to make out a case in his behalf. Speaking of the Dr.'s political proclivities, he says: "In his condemnation of corruption and arbitrary government by majority on the one side, the author states facts which candid Northerners do not venture to deny; but it is evident that he has been content to take the other side as he has found it, and that his experience has lain under comparatively favorable conditions. He is indignant that the negro should be tabooed in the North, and thinks it probable that he is bamboozled in the South. But the cruelty and degradation incident to slavery have never come under his eye. He has seen the system only in *couleur de rose*. He has met with so many well-fed, well-clad, cheerful, and apparently happy negroes and negroesses that he thinks the stories told of their treatment by Northern writers must be exaggerated. He takes, in fact, what may be called the banjo-and-bones view of the question. Slavery, as far as he has observed, is merged in serenading. The slaves play more than they work. When they do work the whip is

a mere form in the field. Harsh masters there may be; but, taking the good with the bad, the negro prefers being a slave, and clings to the plantation where he was born as to a paradise from which the evil spirit of Abolition can alone drive him forth.

"We may dismiss this part of the subject by merely remarking that the writer, who so pleasantly disports himself in the sunshine, does not venture at all into certain ugly shades not unknown to other people; and that, while deciding that the negro is happy and contented, he does not explain how it is that the said negro always runs away from his luxurious captivity whenever he has an opportunity."

From this, and what follows in the way of extracts, it is easy to see that Dr. Nichols writes from the Southern point of view, a circumstance that will not occasion much regret, we fancy, among those who knew him before he expatriated himself.

The late C. E. Leslie, the painter, left an unfinished work, which Mr. Tom Taylor has continued and concluded. It is, "The Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with Notices of Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, and others." It may be expected shortly.

M. Guizot's new work is entitled "Meditations on the Essence of the Christian Religion."

Mr. H. A. Bruce, M.P., is to edit a "Life of General Sir William Napier."

Mr. J. A. Crowe and Signor Cavalcaselle have written a joint work, "A New History of Painting in Italy."

The Rev. Whitwell Elwin will soon publish an edition of the "Works of Alexander Pope, with a new Life, Introduction and Notes."

Messrs. Bell & Daldy, a London firm, known to book-fanciers for the good taste which they exhibit in their publications, are now issuing what they call the "Elzevir Series of Standard Authors," a charming collection, if we may judge by the volumes which they announce as having in the press; as, "Walton's Lives," "Walton's Angler," and an edition of Shakespeare's Plays, edited by the veteran scholar, Mr. Thomas Keightley, and to be completed in six volumes. The "Elzevir Series" will be printed at the famous Chiswick Press, and will range in price from 3s. 6d. to 6s.

Mrs. Alfred Gatty will shortly publish, "A Piece of Bread," a translation from the French of M. Jean Mace.

What will probably be an interesting work to the lovers of courtly gossip is in press—"The Diary of Mary, Countess Cowper, Lady of the Bedchamber to Caroline, Princess of Wales, afterward Queen of George the First, from the Original MSS. in the Possession of the Family."

Miss Yonge, the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," has a new novel in the press—"The Trial; More Links of the Daisy Chain."

Capt. Mayne Reid has edited a romance by Mr. Charles Beach, entitled "Lost Lenore; or, the Adventures of a Rolling Stone."

The ninth part of Mr. Bohn's corrected and enlarged edition of Lowndes' "Bibliographer's Manual" is out. It brings that useful work to the end of the letter U.

Captain Grant, a fellow-traveler with Captain Speke in his famous Nile journey, lately had the honor of an audience with the Pope, who was much interested in the maps which the gallant captain submitted to him, and in his account of his travels. In the course of the interview his Holiness is said to have recalled a journey which he once made to Chili, and to have inquired what route would be most practical for penetrating to the interior of Africa, with visions before him, no doubt, of successful missions in that benighted quarter of the globe. At parting with Captain Grant he gave him a medal as a souvenir of his visit.

A great sensation has been created in France by the publication of a new religious novel, "Le Maudit," which has already run through several editions. Its object appears to be to depict the life of a priest, and to renew the old war of the liberal Catholics against the Jesuits, who are painted in as dark colors as in "The Wandering Jew." As a story, it is said to possess considerable power, though its chief interest depends on the conflict of its religious elements. Its author, "L'Abbe —," has not been traced.

M. Henri Taine has recently published "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," portions of which were published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. His first book, "Les Origines," traces the history of English literature—or rather the beginnings of its literature—from the earliest times to the days of Chaucer, in whom he sees the blending together of the French and English mind of his age, and whom he represents as the genuine embodiment of the half-imaginative, half-critical spirit which marked the latter portion of the medieval epoch. The next book treats of the Renaissance, and includes the period between Lydgate and Milton, one chapter, the best it is said in the work, being devoted to a minute survey of Shakespeare. The classical age begins in the reign of Charles II., and includes Dryden, Addison, Swift, and Pope. The fourth book deals with the succeeding epoch, say from the middle of the last century; Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron are considered as its chief representatives in the present century, and are the only ones of whom M. Taine speaks in detail. His work, which is very well spoken of, is in three volumes.

Dr. Onno Klopp is the editor of the first complete edition of the collected works of Leibnitz, the first volume of which has just appeared in Hanover, under the patronage of the king. It is founded on MS. remains of Leibnitz, in the Royal Library of Hanover, with family documents, and an autobiographical sketch of Leibnitz's life. Moreover, it is the first edition which can be called complete and authentic. Those editions which exist have the disadvantage of being made by foreigners, such as Dutens, of Geneva, who translated Leibnitz's German writings into French or Latin, and his Latin works into French; or Count Foucher de Careil, who has incurred blame from German critics for discovering that Leibnitz was of Slavonic origin, whereas the Germans consider him the most genuine specimen of the German spirit. Dr. Klopp's first volume has some biographical interest in the glimpse it gives of the intellectual genesis of Leibnitz, the freshness and force with which the youth of twenty-two attacks all possible subjects. There are political thoughts which are valuable, as showing the state of political affairs, and the internal condition of Germany at that time.

Mr. Henry Vizetelly, the editor of the *Illustrated Times*, is a plucky man, as he has shown on several occasions recently, by taking up the cudgels in defense of Mr. Thackeray against the aspersions and insinuations of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, and others "of that ilk," and more lately by reading Mr. Edmund Yates a useful and much-needed lesson. Mr. Yates, the literary reader may remember, is the person who justly offended Mr. Thackeray several years since by writing a coarse and personal description of him and his sayings and doings at the Garrick Club, of which both Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Yates were members. The great novelist took the ground that the members of a club were supposed to be gentlemen, and that for one member to write of another in the newspapers, as Mr. Yates had written of him, was an ungentlemanly proceeding, for which he should be expelled the club. In due time he was expelled, which of course embittered his feelings, and made him ever after Mr. Thackeray's enemy—the cur that snapped at his heels in all the dark lanes and dirty turnings of the provincial press. This is the individual, who is the editor of *Temple Bar* in the absence of Mr. Augustus Sala in America, whom Mr. Vizetelly has taken in hand. The circumstances which led him to do so are detailed in

the correspondence between them, and in Mr. Vizetelly's comments thereon.

"TO EDMUND YATES, ESQ."

"CHALFONTE LODGE, CAMPDEN HILL,
"DEAR SIR,—On Monday last my attention was called to the following note in the *Daily Telegraph*:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'DAILY TELEGRAPH.'"

"SIR,—It having been very frequently stated, in metropolitan and provincial newspapers, that the article 'The Lounger at the Clubs' in the *Illustrated Times* is written by me, I shall be much obliged by your giving publicity to the fact that, as statements implicating individuals by their names have been introduced into that article without my sanction, I have relinquished my connection with the *Illustrated Times*, and protested against a practice which any respectable journal in England would hold to be unwarrantable.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

"MAYESBURY HOUSE, WILLESDEN. EDMUND YATES."

"To this note the annexed reply was sent, but your friends, the Levys, refused its insertion:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'DAILY TELEGRAPH.'"

"SIR,—In reply to Mr. Edmund Yates's note in the *Daily Telegraph* of this day's date, allow me to say that whatever statements may have appeared in print respecting the authorship of the weekly series of articles in the *Illustrated Times* entitled 'The Lounger at the Clubs,' the fact is that for more than four years past Mr. Yates has contributed only a portion of the weekly article in question, while for the last few months it has frequently happened that not a single paragraph contained in it has proceeded from his pen. It is hardly necessary, I should think, for me to add that I have never once sought Mr. Yates's sanction as to what should or should not appear in the columns of the newspaper under my direction, and quite unnecessary for me to say that Mr. Yates is one of the last men by whose opinion I should be guided on a point of literary etiquette.

Your obedient servant,

"THE EDITOR OF THE 'ILLUSTRATED TIMES.'"

"Of course it was open to you at any time to 'relinquish your connection with the *Illustrated Times*,' but, if so trivial a circumstance were worthy of a public notification, when giving it you might have been candid enough to have explained what a slender kind of connection it was that existed, and have been sufficiently prudent not to have talked about 'protesting against practices which any respectable journal in England would hold to be unwarrantable.'"

"For, considering that you have had to pay heavier penalties than perhaps any journalist living for what I will mildly term the escapades of your pen—that for one of your articles in a defunct scandalous publication you were expelled the Garrick Club—and that, in consequence of certain delicate allusions to the domestic privacy of a distinguished living writer, at whose house you visited, supplied by you at so much per column to a New York paper of which you were the London Correspondent, you were forbidden to again cross the threshold of the house in question—I don't think you are quite the sort of person to sit in judgment upon the conduct of a journal to your connection with which you owe whatever slight literary position you happen to occupy at the present time.

"But, although it may be extremely bad taste on your part to set yourself up as *arbitrarius elegantium* on a point of literary etiquette, I will not on that account pass by your charge unanswered. The gist of it is that certain 'statements implicating individuals by their names' have appeared in the columns of the *Illustrated Times*. Pray, what is the objection to this proceeding? The National Shakespeare Committee, for it must be to this that you refer, is a public body, and, if certain of its members, in spite of the protest of their more sober-minded brethren, render themselves ridiculous, elect themselves into what they style 'a council,' and record the fact in the minute book of the committee, shall the *Illustrated Times* deny to their proceedings all the publicity it can command for them? But this pretense of yours about 'implicating individuals by their names' is far too shallow to admit of its deceiving a single member of the literary fraternity, however much it may have the effect of hoodwinking the outside public. Your grievance, though you had not the pluck to say so, consisted in this: that the writer of the particular paragraphs of the 'Lounger at the Clubs' which called forth your notes to the *Star* and *Telegraph* newspapers, espoused the cause of a great English writer—now, alas! lost to us—at whose heels you had been snapping for years past, and with respect to whom I can only suppose it was foreign to your nature to wish to have it believed that you were capable of rendering him even this slight measure of common justice.

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY VIZETELLY."

Mr. Leighton, an English sculptor, has designed a monument to be placed on the grave of Mrs. Browning, in the Protestant Cemetery at Florence. He has decided, says one of the English weeklies, to make the work of white Carrara marble, except in certain points of decoration, which are to be of black marble, inlaid on the white. The style adopted for the work most resembles in general character the early Italian Renaissance. The design is bold and simple, yet beautiful in all its proportions and forms. In detail, the composition comprises a large sarcophagus, sustained by six pillars, and having a lid of low pyramidal form. Bold mouldings, by way of cornice and base, disposed in large and effective masses, relieve the outline of the sarcophagus. Beautiful floral ornaments, outlined in black, run round the mass of mouldings we have styled the cornice; another band, on the basement, consists of flowers, which are white on a black ground. The sides of the body of the chest, which are vertical, are parted into three panels, the center ones consisting of medallions. The medallion which is in the front, i.e., facing toward the road, contains a head of "Poetry;" this Mr. Leighton has designed with great delicacy and feeling for beauty, and, by choosing a low and fine relief, he has contrived, not only to sustain the character of the style adopted for the whole work, but to show himself a very able modeler. The truth of surface treatment in the face will please most sculptors, not less than the exalted and spiritual expression will delight those less heedful of technical excellences. The other medallions show the three styles of poetry in which Mrs. Browning excelled, typified by three harps: 1. The celestial harp, backed or resting upon a cross-flory, and surrounded by stars; 2. The classic lyre, with tragic and comic masks and laurel; 3. The more modern Italian lute, the *Star of Italy*, broken chains, and a wreath of flowers. These emblems were suggested to Mr. Leighton. In the center of the panels, on the broad sides, are introduced the Florentine *giglio* and the English emblems, the rose, shamrock, and thistle, drawn in a thick black line. The pillars are of course short, being dwarfed as their office requires; but their proportions are elegant and severe. Their caps exhibit a bold variation of the Ionic volute at their angles, and between the same, on each side respectively, is placed a group of lilies; round the neck of the column is a basket-like band. The whole stands upon a pedestal of two steps, the upper one forming a flat table between the columns. This monument will be erected in the course of next summer.

The members of the Roxburghe Club have had issued to them the second and concluding volume of *Seynt Graal*, or *The Sank Ryal*, being "The history of the Holy Graal, partly in English

Verse, by Henry Lonelich, Skynner (temp. Hen. VI., A.D. 1422-61), and wholly in French prose, by Sires Robiers and Borron (about A.D. 1180-1200; MS. about 1320), from the original Latin, written by Jesus Christ with his own hand (vol. i. p. 357), being the only writing made by God since his uprising, and they 'that otherwise belevyn, they leyn ful playn' (vol. i. p. 359), edited from MSS. in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and the British Museum, by Frederick J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A., with a Note on the Early Byrons and Robert de Buron, by Charles H. Pearson, Esq., M.A., Professor of English History at King's College, London; a Prefatory Essay on Arthur, by the late Herbert Coleridge; and an Appendix—The Birthe and the Egendrure of Mordret." Professor Pearson, in his "Note," has proved the existence of a Robert de Buron holding land in Lincolnshire about the time that the Romance of the Graal is supposed to have been written by Robert de Borron or Beuron; and as the change of name is so slight, and these Burons are the ancestors of Lord Byron, it is a matter of interest to know that the author of "Don Juan" was not the first of his race in the field of literature, but that in the Laureate's county an earlier Byron wrote on a holier theme than his descendant chose, even the "Blessed Vision" that Mr. Tennyson's "Sir Galahad" has again so beautifully brought before us.

Mr. John Forster will at once publish "Sir John Eliot; a Biography," an enlargement of his sketch of the life of "this most illustrious confessor in the cause of liberty," written for Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," and afterward included by Mr. Forster in his "Statesmen of the Commonwealth." Since the publication of these works, the family papers of Sir John, in the possession of his descendant, the Earl of St. Germans, have been placed in Mr. Forster's hands, and he has accordingly recast his biography—so much so as to make it a new work. It will be in two volumes, which will be illustrated with two portraits from the originals at Port Eliot.

Mr. Henry Bohn has just presented the members of the Philobiblion Society with a curious work on the "Life and Times of Shakespeare." It is said to contain some new facts of considerable interest, with what truth we know not, as works of this nature are issued in minimum editions, and seldom allowed to stray beyond the keeping of the members of the clubs for and by whom they are printed. The Philobiblion Society is probably the most select printing-club in existence, numbering only forty members. To show the value which is set upon its publications by book-fanciers with more money than brains, we may mention that one of the Philobiblion books which was recently offered at auction in London realized £9, although in size (and probably in interest) it was scarcely sufficient to satisfy the buyer of an ordinary 5s. volume.

Mr. Dickens has recently lost his second son, Lieutenant Walter Lander Dickens, of the 26th Native Infantry Regiment. He died suddenly at the officers' hospital, at Calcutta, on the last day of the old year.

M. Victor Hugo is said to be busily engaged in correcting the proof-sheets of his work on Shakespeare, which is expected to be ready in time for the Tercentenary Celebration. It will be published by M. Pagnerre and Messrs. Lacroix & Co., who give him £2,000 for the copyright of the first edition. The head of the latter firm, it will be remembered, staked his entire capital upon the copyright of "Les Misérables," after several larger houses had declined to give the sum which M. Hugo demanded for it. The title of the new work is "Shakespeare, by V. H.," the initials being supposed to indicate M. Hugo's conscious and immense inferiority to his great English master of the drama.

Mr. Longfellow's "Golden Legend" comes out for the first time in France, in the shape of a prose translation, entitled "La Légende Dorée." The translators are Messrs. Paul Blier and Edward Mac Donnell. The edition consists of only three hundred copies.

"The Channings," by Mrs. Henry Wood, has been translated into French by Madame Abrie-Encontre.

Mr. Charles Reade's last novel has been translated into German, under the title "Hart Geld."

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's "Caxtoniana" has appeared in the Tauchnitz collection of popular English works.

Mr. Ludwig Noach, of Giessen, is at work upon a German Life of Christ, after the manner of Strauss's "Leben Jesu."

For the benefit of those whose specialty may happen to be linguistic literature, we copy a list of the publications of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, of which only two hundred and fifty copies of each are published: "Il Canticco dei canticci di Salomone, vulgarizzato in dialetto sardo settentrionale sassarese dal C. G. S." In-16, 20 p.—"Classification morphologique des Langues Européennes, adoptée par le Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte pour son Vocabulaire comparatif." In-48, 4 p.—"Das Evangelium Matthäi in den östlichen Dialect des Livischen zum ersten Male übersetzt von dem Liven N. Polmann, durchgesehen von F. S. Wiedemann." In-16, iv-124 p.—"Das Evangelium Matthäi in den westlichen Dialect des Livischen übersetzt von dem Liven J. Prinz und dessen Cöhenen und J. P. Prinz; durchgesehen von F. J. Wiedemann." In-16, iv-122 p.—"Das Evangelium wotjakisch, mit Hülfe eines eingeborenen Wotjaken redigirt, von F. J. Wiedemann." In-16, iv-112 p.—"The Gospel of St. Matthew, Translated into Western English as spoken in Devonshire," by Henry Baird. In-16, iv-126 p.—"Il Libro di Rut, vulgarizzato in dialetto sardo sassarese dal can. G. Spano." In-32, 24 p.—"La Profezia di Giona, vulgarizzata in dialetto sassarese dal can. G. Spano." In-16, 16 p.—"La Prophétie de Jonas, traduite en Basque Labourdin par le Cap. Duvoisin." In-16, 16 p.—"Le Saint Evangile selon Saint Matthieu, traduit en Picard Amiénois d'après la version Française de Lemaistre de Sacy, précédé d'une note sur la manière d'écrire le Picard, et suivi de quelques observations sur certains sons radicaux de cet idiome," par Edouard Paris, d'Amiens. In-16, xxxii-142 p.—"Le Saint Evangile selon Saint Matthieu, traduit en Normand de Guernesey d'après la version Française de Lemaistre de Sacy, par Georges Métivier, auteur des Rimes guernesaises par un Côtélin." In-16, vi-136 p.—"La Sainte Bible, traduite pour la première fois en Langue Basque du Labourd." Grand in-8° à 2 colonnes, 817-1088 p.—"La Storia di Giuseppe Ebreo, o i Capi xxxvii e xxxix-xxv della Genesi, vulgarizzati in dialetto sardo, sassarese dal can. Giovanni Spano." In-8°, iv-58 p.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

HISTORICAL.

THE WEST POINT CHAIN.—It was constructed at the "Sterling Furnace," at the outlet of Sterling Pond, in the town of Monroe, in Orange County. The furnace was named from Lord Sterling, who was a member of the London company which established it. It was built in 1751; the forge was built the following year. After the original chain was broken by the English fleet, Timothy Pickering (Secretary of War) was sent from Philadelphia by Washington, to investigate the cause and to arrange for its repair (if possible), and if not, for the construction of a new one. Ascertaining that the old one was too weak for repair, he went to Sterling Furnace, and contracted with Peter Townsend, Esq. (the

superintendent), for a new chain. The whole force of the works was at once put upon it. It was completed and delivered at New Windsor (whence it was taken to West Point in yawls) in six weeks from the date of the order. The fires of the furnace were kept up day and night during that time. It was made of bar iron; each link weighed, on an average, 143 pounds. The iron used was nearly equal quantities of Sterling and Long Mine ores; either one alone would have been less strong. Ten links of it were fastened together at the forge, and the end of the eleventh link was left open, with holes for a bolt to unite the first of the next ten links. Each section composed one ox-team load. While the parts were being connected in the river, a wooden frame-work kept the chain afloat. The whole was taken up in 1783, and a portion still remains at West Point.

Where was Lord Lovelace (who was Governor of the Province of New York in 1708) buried?

The Palatines who originally settled the *Newburg Patent* granted by Col. Peter Schuyler as President of the Council (the Patent was not granted, as is generally supposed, by Lt.-Gov. Ingoldby, for he left the Province of New York as early as 1719), were inhabitants of the Palatinate of Newburg on the Danube, which was a fortified town in the days of Julius Cæsar. The late Rev. James R. Wilson of Coldenham supposed they came from a hamlet called Newburg, located on the east bank of the Rhine in Swabia. They all spoke the German language. They arrived in New York as early as 1708. The land covered by the Patent was in the possession of the Guassaick Indians, whose village was at the point of low land where the creek of that name empties into the Hudson, one mile south of Newburg. On the hill to the left, Indian graves were known to exist about the time of the Revolution. This was the last tribe known to exist upon the west bank of the Hudson between Catskill and West Point. For some time afterward there was a tribe occupying the flats at Haverstraw.

Where did Col. (afterward Brig.-Gen.) Beverly Robertson (who commanded the Hessian Yagers at the storming of Fort Montgomery) die? It is said that he was buried in St. Paul's church-yard. An answer is solicited.

In his letter to the New York Legislature, dated Oct. 7, 1777, Gen. George Clinton says (in reference to the movements of the army after the loss of Fort Montgomery), "Gen. Putnam will retreat to near Capt. Haight's, about three miles from Mrs. Van Wyck's, and I mean to rally my broken forces and advance to-morrow on *Butter Hill*." What works or defenses were on that Hill at that time? It is the last elevation (to the North) of the Highland range. It is 1,492 feet high above the level of the Hudson, and is almost perpendicular to the river, and the water is fifteen feet deep at the base. On what portion of the elevation were the works, and of what did they consist, and who commanded them? Clinton did not go there, but went to the Square in New Windsor, and from thence to Esopus (now Kingston) by way of the valley of the Wallkill, where he arrived just in time to witness the burning of the town by the English troops who had debarked from the vessels that broke the *chevaux-de-frise* which Capt. Matchen (with Capt. Hazelwood) had put across the Hudson River between St. Anthony's Nose and Fort Montgomery, under the suggestion of Maj.-Gen. Heath.

Charles William Janson, in his "Stranger in America," published in 1807 (page 212), says that the war-horse of Washington was alive in that year, and that he had frequently seen him.

Mr. Janson must allude to the horse which Washington had at the end of the war. This animal was of a light cream-color, was above the medium height, and, at the sale of the personal effects of Washington (under a clause in his will), was purchased by one Daniel Dulany, of Shuter's Hill, near Alexandria, D. C., for four hundred and eighty dollars. Washington purchased the first horse he used in the Revolution at Cambridge, Mass., when he assumed the command of the army. Another died near Fishkill, in Dutchess County, in this State, while he had his headquarters at the Hasbrouck House, in Newburg. Samuel Boyd, of New Windsor (Orange County), presented him with one in its place. He (it is said) was presented with the horse to which Mr. Janson alludes by some gentlemen in Elizabethtown, N. J.

An engraved likeness of Gen. Washington—said to be good, but making him appear too old for his age at that time—is contained in the "Impartial History of the War in America," published in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by Rev. James Murray, of Newcastle, in 1782, in two volumes of nearly 600 pages each. The only copy of which we know at present is now in the possession of Charles B. Richardson, Esq., of this city. This is one of the earliest likenesses of Gen. W., and of much interest to the antiquarian. The publication of this work by Mr. Murray brought down upon him the severe censure of the English press and leading English statesmen, though he no doubt thought to conciliate the government in advance by dedicating the volume to the king, though he frankly states in it that "the far greater part of your Majesty's good subjects are much afflicted for the causes and occasion of a present unhappy contention in the British empire, and from their hearts earnestly pray that it may be speedily at an end." The work was published a year before the close of the war, and we are not aware that any appendix was ever issued, which would seem to be necessary to complete the history.

It appears from a rare volume published by "the Reverend Mr. Cooper"—as the author styles himself on the title-page—in Albany, Samuel Shaw, printer, in 1818, that all the officers composing the court-martial of Major André were in favor of shooting him, except General Greene, who insisted upon hanging him, and the court ultimately fixed on that mode of execution. Can any reader give us the full name of the author of this volume? He farther states, that in September, 1780, a Mr. Laurens was captured on the banks of Newfoundland on his way from America to Holland, and that a package of papers being thrown into the sea and not instantly sinking, an English sailor jumped overboard and secured them, and that Laurens was taken to England and committed to the Tower upon a charge of treason, under an order signed by the three secretaries of state, and that through the information conveyed by the rescued package the knowledge of the treaty of amity between the Colonies and Holland came to light. After the discovery, the English government presented a remonstrance to Holland, but no answer having been received, Sir Joseph Yorke was withdrawn from the Hague, and on the 20th of December letters of reprisal were granted against the ships, goods, and subjects of Holland. Can any of our readers inform us who the author of this volume was?

THE EARLIEST THEATRE IN AMERICA.—The first dramatic representation given in the colonies of America was performed in a small by-street in Philadelphia by a company who came to that city direct from London, under the charge of one Douglas, whose daughter subsequently married Hallam. Mrs. Mattocks, a daughter of Douglas, and afterward celebrated, was one of the company. Williams (who, at one time, acquired some reputation in London as a dramatic teacher, and who was better known under the sobriquet of Anthony Pasquin) says, in a publication made by him that the earliest theatrical company which came to North America was from the West Indies. The error into which he fell doubtless

arose from the fact that Hallam and Williams, who erected the theater in Philadelphia, being compelled to close it under a military order upon the breaking out of the Revolutionary war (it having become a resort for drunken soldiers), took their company and went to Jamaica, West Indies, and played there. Upon the subsequent revocation of the order, Hallam returned with some members of the company, and started the theater again. The military order was supposed to have been procured by the influence of the Quakers of Philadelphia.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

This society held their March meeting on the evening of the 8th, at the house of the corresponding secretary, George Gibbs, Esq. The chair was taken by the president, George Folsom, LL.D.

Present by invitation, Rev. E. C. Doane, missionary in Micronesia, Mr. William Fitzgibbon, of Brooklyn, and several other gentlemen. A letter was read from Claudius E. Habicht, Esq., the Consul-General of Sweden, accepting his election as a resident member. He afterward took his seat in the society.

Mr. Gibbs exhibited some specimens from his fine collection of American antiquities, among which were two very large ancient Mexican earthen jars, covered with ornaments, and two coiled serpents of the same material; and also a number of photographs and drawings of Indians near our Northern Pacific coast, some representing their customs, superstitions, etc. The society listened with interest to explanations given by Mr. Gibbs.

Notice was given of the latest accounts from Mr. Squier, Commissioner on the Peruvian claims, who has made explorations in Peru, particularly in the islands of the celebrated Lake Titicaca, and collected materials for a very interesting work.

Baron Osten Sacken exhibited the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, of February 20, containing a notice of the ancient Jewish community at Kai-kung-foo, in the province of Ho-nan, and of the Hebrew Scriptures found in their possession. The Rev. Mr. Fishel, who had exhibited the facsimile of portions of the MS. published at Shanghai, informed the society that the account was accurate and in conformity with the article on that subject published in the transactions of the American Oriental Society several years ago.

A late number of the *Star of the East* was exhibited: a weekly paper published in Athens in the Greek language, containing a brief notice of the aborigines of America, and other articles on foreign countries, with a print illustrating winter traveling in Lapland.

The San Francisco *Steamer Bulletin*, of Feb. 3, contains an article on Human Fossils in California.

It mentions also Clavigero's account of a gigantic skeleton discovered by the Jesuit missionary Rotea, in 1765, fifty miles south of Cedros Island; and of large caverns in that vicinity, where were painted human figures, in bright colors, of different races and dresses from any ever known by the Spaniards. It is suggested that some of those relics may have been taken to Spain or Italy. Clavigero also mentions gigantic human bones found in several other places.

Central American Antiquities.—Mr. William Fitzgibbon, of Brooklyn, in compliance with a request of the president, gave an account of some of the ruins in Central America, explored by him during the twenty years of his residence and travels in five of the six republics of that remarkable part of our continent. A large number of stereoscopic views, taken by him on the spot, were laid on the table, and examined with great interest by the members. Numbers of these were taken from the objects drawn by the late Mr. Catherwood, and published, with animated descriptions, by Mr. Stevens, and the photographs afford the most gratifying evidence of the accuracy and skill of Mr. Catherwood.

Mr. Gibbs described the great readiness and perfection with which Mr. Catherwood sketched scenes in Oregon in his presence, some years ago, with the aid of the *camera lucida*.

Mr. Fitzgibbon gave interesting details of some of the objects represented, and of facts collected by him respecting the manners and customs of the ancient and the present inhabitants of Central America. It is hoped that he will prepare a paper on those countries.

Among the photographs of Mr. Fitzgibbon is one of the ponderous stone idol exhumed by Mr. Crosby, our Minister to Guatemala, from the grounds attached to the house occupied by him in the capital. This was mentioned about three years ago, in letters from himself and Mr. Hicks. It had been an object of superstitious worship to the ignorant natives, whose ancestors must have brought it, by some unaccountable means, from a great distance, over mountains almost impassable.

Mr. Rau read the first part of a paper on the origin and progress of the early arts, customs, and religions of different nations, which he attributes, in a great degree, to the necessities, circumstances, and ignorance of men, when unenlightened from without.

Mr. Doane, in compliance with a request of the president, described the positions of the several groups of small islands in the western parts of the Pacific Ocean, embraced in "Micronesia." He has resided about five years in Ebón Island, one of the most western of them, as a missionary of the American Board; and though he found them in the lowest stage of savage life, has succeeded in introducing a degree of civilization, with schools and books. Some of the Sandwich Islanders who have co-operated with him have been proved to possess all the qualities necessary to fit them to perform the great task of civilizing the scattered tribes of those islands. Mr. Doane gave interesting particulars of the manners, customs, religion, languages, etc., especially of their wonderful skill and success in navigation. Some of them perform regular voyages of many hundred miles in their large and excellent proas, some of which carry even thirty or forty men. This interesting subject had been previously brought to the attention of the society, and the members obtained additional information from Mr. Doane, who described the ingenious charts constructed by the natives, and their manner of steering by them, by the stars, winds, etc. They have names for various stars and constellations, but none for the "Great Bear," which, it is remarkable, bears a similar name among various savage tribes in different parts of the world.

Dr. Wilson mentioned that that constellation is called "The Bear" by the Iroquois, and Mr. Gibbs that the Northwestern Indians call it "The Elk."

It is desired that Mr. Doane may favor the society with a paper on Micronesia.

The president then requested Dr. Wilson to give information concerning the expected Iroquois delegation to Washington; and

he mentioned that they are expected in a few days, and may be able to attend the proposed public meeting at the Historical Library building, and to give the citizens of New York specimens of Indian eloquence, for which the Iroquois have always been celebrated.

SCIENCE.

The following is the method of operation of "Bonelli's typographical telegraph." The message is set up in ordinary type at the office by compositors. It is then placed in a small carriage on a miniature tram-way. Set in motion by electricity, this carriage passes under a small comb which communicates the inequalities of the surface of the type to a similar comb at the other end of the wire many hundred miles distant. This latter comb, passing over a strip of prepared paper, leaves an exact facsimile of the type originally set up. The strip of paper is then dipped in water, dried, inclosed in an envelope, and sent to its destination. A message of twenty-five words can be set up in type, sent to any distance, and printed in permanent ink on its arrival in a minute and a half, for thirteen cents.

—Mr. Joseph Whitworth, the eminent English inventor, well known in connection with the rifled gun which bears his name, has devised a contrivance by which the variation of a millionth of an inch can be detected.

—The following is suggested as an infallible method of detecting dangerous lamp oils: Take two teaspoonfuls of boiling water and one of cold, mix together in a small basin, dip out a cupful of the mixture, and pour in its place a teaspoonful of the oil to be tested. Apply a blaze, and the dangerous oil, or those capable of igniting below 120°, will immediately take fire. Others will not ignite.

—Physiologists have recently discovered that Bacteria (a kind of microscopic animalcules) are found in the blood of individuals who have died of typhoid fever. Investigations made by M. Tigri, Professor of Anatomy at Sienna, indicate that they are confined to the blood in the pulmonary veins and in the left cavities of the heart.

—The possibility of procuring a substitute for ebony and ivory has become an important question, now these materials command such extravagant prices. M. Ghoultou Ghislain has brought before the French Academy a substance which he asserts answers this purpose completely. He produced it by the following method: Take 60 per cent. of the powder of marine plants, 15 per cent. of glue, and an equal quantity of coal tar; boil till thoroughly mixed; dry in an oven at a temperature of 300° F. till it becomes plastic. The compound will assume the appearance of ivory by heating it in an aqueous solution of caustic potash, and letting it macerate for several hours in dilute sulphuric acid; after which subject it to the action of chlorine or chloride of lime, repeating the operation till it becomes perfectly white. It may be coated with a metallic by galvanism, previously covered with plumbago.

—In the alluvial basin of the river La Plata, S. A., have recently been discovered a quantity of fossil bones, many of which have been deposited in the Museum of Buenos Ayres. Among these are the thigh bones of the Megatherium, of a much larger size than ever seen before; large horses' heads with curved teeth; and, above all, a whole skeleton of the Glyptodon, a gigantic animal of the order Edentata, that is, having no teeth in the front of the jaws. This Glyptodon is nearly nine feet long by five feet in height.

—The effect of the various methods of ocean travel upon the health of passengers has recently attracted attention. Paddle-steamers are found to be superior to screws, as it regards oscillation; but the atmosphere in screw-steamers is rather better, the engine being apart from the rest of the vessel. Nautical diseases have in a great measure lost their virulence, on account of the short time in which passages in steam vessels are effected. The frequent renewal of air caused by steam is found to be, to a certain extent, a preservative against maladies peculiar to hot climates.

—A new system of locomotives has been invented in France, so constructed as to surmount considerable declivities, and to describe curves of a small radius. These engines have four cylinders and six axles, divided into two groups of three each, moved by the pistons of one pair of cylinders. The wheels are so small that the fire-place of the boiler extends beyond them, so that the fire requires an unusually large surface. To facilitate the describing of small curves, a little play is left between the flanges of the wheels which keep the train between the rails, and the axles have some play in their sockets.

—In Nevada artesian wells are bored horizontally into the mountain sides instead of perpendicularly into the ground.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JOHN BRADURN.—*La Gaviola*: A Spanish novel by Fernan Caballero. Translated by J. Leander Starr.

D. APPLETON & Co.—*Thackeray, the Humorist and the Man of Letters*, by Theodore Taylor, Esq. To which is added in Memoriam by Charles Dickens, and a Sketch by Anthony Trollope.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS.—*The Life and Public Services of Major-General Butler*; *The Life, Campaigns, and Public Services of General McClellan*; *The Wife's Secret*; Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

JAMES G. GREGORY.—*The Future: A Political Essay*. Montgomery H. Throop.

HARPER & BROTHERS.—*Annie Warleigh's Fortunes*, Holmes Lee.

AMERICAN NEWS Co.—*Miscegenation: the Theory of the Blending of the Races, applied to the American White Man and Negro*.

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ASSETS, 1st JANUARY, 1864.....3,286,270 32
LIABILITIES.....75,803 32

ABSTRACT OF THE

TWENTY-FIRST SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT,
showing the condition of the Company on the 1st DAY OF
JANUARY, 1864.

ASSETS.

Cash, Balance in Bank.....\$875,680 45
Bonds and Mortgages, being
first lien on Real Estate.....831,672 50
Loans on Stocks, payable on de-
mand.....376,012 50
United States Stocks (market
value).....673,588 52
State and Municipal Stocks and
Bonds (market value).....190,150 00
Bank Stocks (market value).....111,800 00
Real Estate.....65,000 00
Interest due on 1st January, 1864.....17,806 21
Balance in hands of Agents, and
in course of transmission from
Agents on 1st January, 1864.....72,348 06
Bills Receivable (for premiums
on Inland Risks).....24,773 00
Government Stamps on hand.....96 62
Other Property, Miscellaneous
Items.....44,117 87
Premiums due and uncollected
on Policies issued at Office.....3,123 80
Total.....\$3,286,270 32

LIABILITIES.

Claims for Losses Outstanding on
1st January, 1864.....\$74,953 32
Due Stockholders on account 18th
and 19th Dividends.....830 00

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strong and brilliant fibers of thought and imagination
ever spinning for it in the glowing loom of the brain, as
warp and woof of a living tissue to weave this sacred
Union into a closer and ever closer Whole. Its pages are
open to North, South, East, and West, that man may tell
his brother man his wants, views, and hopes, and thus
awaken thought, and elicit feeling. It is Christian, but
not sectarian; admitting discussion, because certain
that all earnest inquiry leads back to God.

The Literary Department of the CONTINENTAL will not
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whether already registered in the innermost shrine of the
Temple of Fame, or struggling upward to reach its out-
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various stand-points will be offered; the mirror of being
held up to the complex human soul. Its base is broad
and catholic, may the structure be wide and beneficent.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Continental has rendered itself particularly accept-
able to loyal people by its bold, patriotic, and effective
articles on the rebellion. To say nothing here of its mere
literary merit, which, however, is of a high order of ex-
cellence, its elevated tone of fidelity to the Government
and to the principles upon which it is founded, recom-
mends the Continental to the support of every true
American.—Rochester Evening Express.

That decidedly popular and substantial National Maga-
zine, the Continental Monthly, is again at hand. The
present number is filled with the choicest matter, politi-
cal, literary, and miscellaneous. In all things the Con-
tinental takes the broad, liberal, and progressive side. Its
literary selections are of the finest and most finished
character. It is, monthly much to be desired.—Waverley
Advocate, N. Y.

The Continental Monthly for September is received.
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great and increasing confidence of the people. Its high
position is owing to the efforts of the writers to make it
a channel for the dissemination of great political truths,
marked by candor and sustained by historical facts.—
The Peru Republican, Miami Co., Ind.

The Continental has a certain individuality by reason of
the prominence given to national and political questions.
In this number we have The Freedom of the Press, by E.
B. Freeland; Jefferson Davis—Reputation, Recognition,
and Slavery, a paper which is intended to exhibit the arch
traitor in his true colors in England, and also an able
article on American Finances and Resources, by Hon.
Robert J. Walker; Currency and the National Finances,
by J. Smith Homan; another powerful article by Hon.
E. P. Stanton on the Restoration of the Union. * * *
The magazine thrives under its new management.—
Hartford Evening Press, Conn.

This is one of the ablest literary and political magazines
published. The questions of the day are discussed with
ability and by some of the most talented writers of the
day.—Jameson Journal, N. Y.

We are in receipt of the Continental Monthly for July,
and have only to repeat what "everybody" says, that it
is one of the best magazines published. In fact no maga-
zine within our knowledge has gained such notoriety
during its time of publication as the Continental Monthly.
—The Phoenix Reporter, Oswego Co., N. Y.

The Continental Monthly for August contains some very
important articles, among which we notice "Jefferson
Davis and Reputation." This article was written by Hon.
Robert J. Walker, who is now in England. There is no
man in the world better qualified to show the traitorous
acts of the sham-President, Davis, than Mr. Walker, who
is from the same state, and a friend to the Union and to
justice. This magazine is now published by John F.
Trow, New York. It is doing a great work for freedom in
America and throughout the world.—Westfield News Let-
ter, Mass.

The Continental Monthly for October is on hand. This
popular magazine needs no high encomiums, as a perusal
of it will show its worth. All lovers of sound literature
should read it.—Seneca County Sentinel, Farmer, N. Y.

A first class, highly intellectual magazine.—Daily Wis-
consin, Milwaukee.

No publication of the kind has more successfully com-
bined the freedom of the daily newspapers and the literary
excellence of the magazine, and hence its great popularity
and unprecedented success.—Pensylvania Courier, Ann
Arbor, Mich.

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subscription. It is the "magazine for the times," com-
bining the energy and freedom of the daily journal with
the higher literary tone and finish of the monthly.—Delaware
Courier, Deposit.

The Continental contains, besides its usual miscellany,
able articles on national topics by Hon. R. J. Walker and
F. P. Stanton. Probably no magazine in the country has
more valuable matter on subjects of national importance
than the Continental.—Western New Yorker, Warsaw.

This work increases in popular favor, and has had some
of the ablest papers on national subjects that we have
met with for a long time.—Zion's Advocate, Portland,
Me.

The Continental Monthly for October contains two
articles by Hon. Robert J. Walker, which are calculated
to attract much notice from the public. The first is "Jeff-
erson Davis—Reputation, Recognition, and Slavery."
* * * The other of Mr. Walker's articles is "Ameri-
can Finances and Resources," being the first of a series
of articles which he proposes to publish on this subject,
more especially in reference to its bearings on Mr. Chase's
financial policy. * * * The other articles are varied
in character and entertaining.—The Methodist, New
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The king of magazines has once more arrived.—Sparta
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